Lucky # 13 ...if it wasn't for bad luck, I wouldn't have no issue at all!

CENSOR THIS

"Annoying Los Angeles one reader at a time."

#13

with:

GBH

All Systems GO!

The **Conservatives**

Dead End Cruisers

live from Hollywood & Vegas: **ALL!!!**

art & music goddess **Ana Voog** on: Major Labels

cartoonist interview: **James Burton**

"Annoying Maximumrockroll one PC faggot at a time"

Censor This

The uncensored quarterly that comes out whenever we fucking feel like it; feeding the punk scene its minimum daily requirements of unwanted opinions, evil humor, sick stories, jeering satire, deliberate sexual exploitation, puerile shock images and other lighthearted, sophomoric obnoxiousness. Fuck you if you're too anal to get the jokes.

...Oh yeah—and we run interviews, too!

Censor This punkzine
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U.S.A.

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CENSOR THIS, PSEUDO TRIBAL ZINE OF BLISS. DON'T LIKE WHAT YOU SEE? THEN IT'S AIMED AT YOU, YOU STUPID FUCK. REALITY MY WAY. IF YOU DON'T DIG IT—DIG OUT. DON'T BUY STOCK. SHUT UP AND READ OR SUCK MY COCK. OH YEAH, QUIT WRITING THESE STUPID ASS BOOKS ABOUT "GENERATION X". YOU DON'T KNOW ME FOOL. YOU COULDN'T CAPTURE THE ESSENCE OF A SINGLE FART, LET ALONE MY SOUL. GO PLAY POOL AT CUES YOU PIECE OF SHIT.
—KIM BUCKELL, 1994

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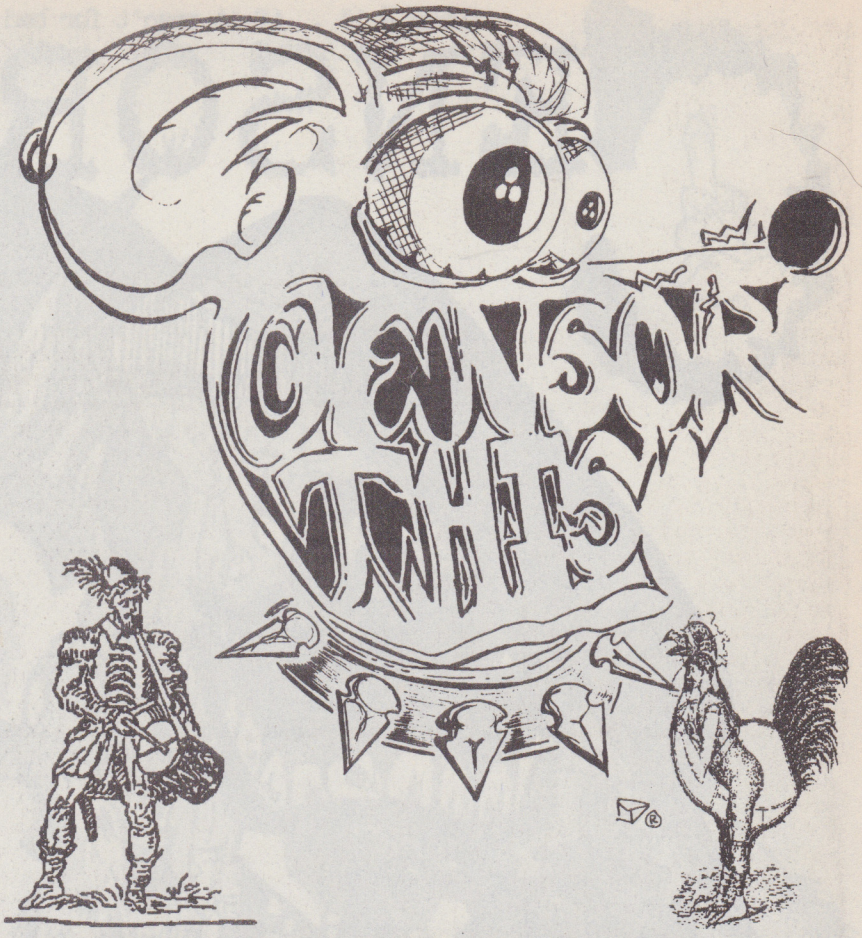

"Attitude is a must!" "No fat beaver!" –Descendents

ShitEd sez:

SERBIA VS KOSOVO

Don't listen to the shrill anti-war screeching coming from the crypto-leftists—be they hippy pacifists or punk anarcho-socialists of the Chomsky type. They're wrong. Such people will never be satisfied with anything less than the complete disarmament and destruction of the democracies of the West. And don't listen to any of the normally hawkish conservatives who oppose NATO's attack on Serb forces in Kosovo. They only oppose it because they oppose President Clinton. Anything he's for, they're agin! And while you're at it, listen skeptically to the White House and their reasoning for launching only an air campaign. They are chickenshit, and are unable to take their eyes off the public opinion polls long enough to really see what needs to be done.

The truth is that everyone is wrong on all sides. The Serbs are wrong because they are committing genocide once again against non-Serbs in an effort to create "lebensraum" (living space) for Serbs in a campaign to create a Greater Serbia. This is exactly what Nazi Germany tried to do a half century ago. Hitler's announced intention was to drive Slavic people out of their homes in Eastern Europe, and move German settlers in to replace them. Similarly it is Serbian dictator Milosevic's intention to kill, rape and burn out Muslim ethnic Albanian Kosovars and drive them out of their homes and replace them with Christian Serbs. He tried this before against Croats and Muslims in Bosnia and the result was almost a quarter million civilians killed before political and military pressures stopped him.

An air campaign is playing it safe. President Clinton is doing the same idiocy in the Balkans that he is doing in Iraq: not getting the leaders. This is the same mistake that President Bush made in Iraq when he halted coalition ground forces inside Iraq. The mistake is simple: men are killed and structures, & munitions destroyed, but the people who caused the problem in the first place are untouched. Even when such limited efforts work, the best they accomplish is a tense truce enforced by armed peacekeeping troops—in the case of Bosnia, by UN soldiers.

No. What needs to be done is to move into Serbia in force and capture the entire Serbian government. Then they should be put on trial Nuremberg style for crimes against humanity.

Hang that Nazi sumbitch Milosevic.

On the home front, our freedom is under assault in the name of protecting "the children." Two antisocial fuckheads in Colorado shoot up their school, and suddenly the chicken-little liberals are blaming guns for violence. Okay, let's play their game, let's blame inanimate objects for the violence instead of the people. So we ban all firearms. But wait, they used bombs too. If we have to blame guns then we also have to blame those propane bottles used as explosive devices. No more propane bottles. BAAAD propane bottles. ...Sounds sorta stupid doesn't it? And they got the plans for how to make bombs over the internet, so let's ban the internet too. Recently a man used his car to attack a preschool, killing two children. Let's ban CARS! The OBJECT is to blame, right? Sound reasonable? If it does, then you are a moron and you deserve to be a slave. But please, if you wish to be controlled, go to some totalitarian country and live there. I want to be free, and in order to remain free I must possess the means to defend myself and my friends from government thugs, both internal and external. Remember this: government power ultimately resides in the ability to use force. In the whole world, the United States is one of the few countries in which the government does not possess a monopoly on force. We must remain armed, no matter what the cost. And that includes dead children in Colorado, lest we have many more dead children at the hands of Statists/Fascists.

Let me to bring this full circle: if 1.8 million Kosovars were armed the way Americans are armed, they would have a chance to defend themselves.

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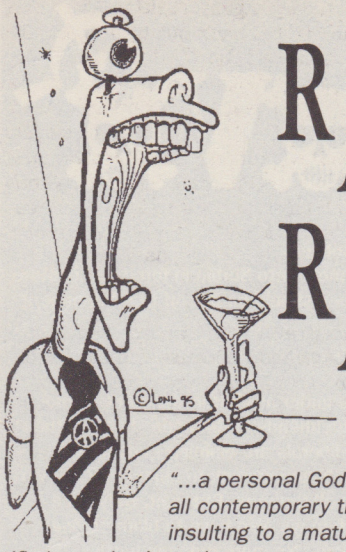


RANDOM RAVINGS

"...a personal God is unprovable, most unlikely, and all contemporary theology is superstitious twaddle insulting to a mature mind. But atheism and 'scientific humanism' are the same sort of piffle in mirror image, and just as repugnant. Agnosticism is intellectually more acceptable but only in that it pleads ignorance, utter intellectual bankruptcy, and gives up. All the other religions, elsewhere and in the past, whether monotheistic, polytheistic, or other, are just as silly, and the very notion of 'worship' is intellectually on all fours with a jungle savage's appeasing of Mumbo Jumbo."

—Robert A. Heinlein

I am old enough to have a son (James Burton) who is a senior in high school. What he tells me, and what I observe, of the current crop of teenagers makes my hair stand on end. Many of them are as alien to me as my generation and I were to our pre-World War II generation parents. He describes gangs of self-righteous Christian youth in his school, members of a club wearing bracelets bearing the initials W.W.J.D.—which means "What would Jesus do?" These earnest Christian Youth are a throwback to the culture prior to the breakout of bohemian culture into the youth culture during the mid-60's. They are a throwback to their grandparent's generation. The creative, hedonistic, peace vs war obsessed bohemian artist's culture that spawned first the beatniks, then the hippies, and finally the punks has been completely repudiated. It's spooky, because even in the punk music circles the influence of this generation can be seen. Many of today's "punks" (I use that word doubtfully) don't act like punks. Instead of being disorderly and drunk, they stand around politely at shows. In fact it's extra spooky for me to see these sheep standing stock still while a fast, energetic band plays in front of them. They don't pogo. They don't slam. They don't bob their heads double time to the snare. If they're sitting down, they don't even tap their feet! No one is shooting up drugs or getting a blowjob from a saucy punkette in the last bathroom stall. No one is on his knees in the corner puking. When was the last time 30 or more kids got together and rushed the doors of a show to get in without paying? These are punks? These aren't punks! I don't know what they are, but I bet they're going to be voting Republican by the time they're 30! These kids are boring morons who cannot possibly be part of our music scene. If the 70's and 80's punk generation is "generation X", then these twits are "generation Z", as in they are asleep: Zzzzzzzz...

I am appalled by the Honda "Valkyrie" motorcycle. The Honda Corporation is trying to cash in on the white racists among the community of riders, and attempting to lure these people away from Harley-Davidson, by naming their bike after the maidens who supposedly chose the slain heros for Odin in old Viking era mythology. This Norse mythology stuff is big among white supremists. Therefore Honda panders to it in order to get sales. Honda sucks.

I caught a great show at the Palace in late February with **GBH**, **Billyclub** and **98 Mute**. For some unknown reason Billyclub opened. They were absolutely awesome, but that's to be expected from guys who are veterans of **The Exploited**, **U.K. Subs**, **Discharge**, **Broken Bones** and **REO Speedealer**. Then 98 Mute was a disappointment. They need to go back into the garage until all the musicians can play together as a unit. Plus their songs sounded too much alike. I heard people making jokes about them afterwards calling them "Pennywise Jr." After an exciting, wonderful hour and a half set from GBH, half of GBH and all of Billyclub and some others went down to the Rainbow Room for drinks. We managed to get 86ed because a guy from Total Chaos—who'd better be glad I don't remember what his name is!—attacked a girl by pouring a beer over her head. Jock from GBH went to her aid and slammed the jerk down on his back on a table, fuck yeah! Then two days later at the Palace...

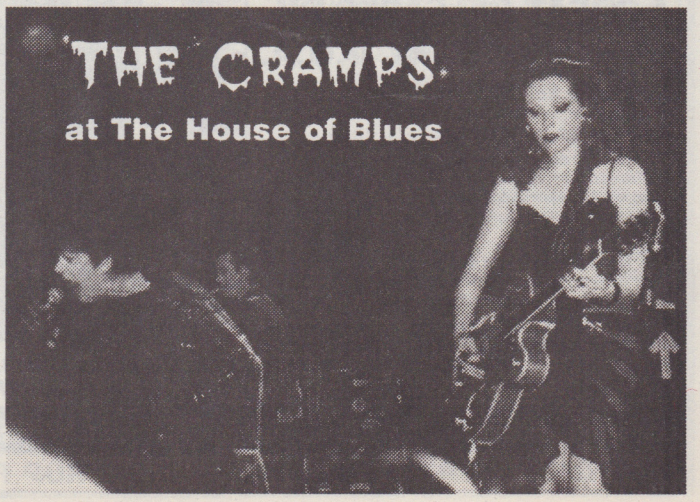
I saw Big Dough Car, er, no that's not right, I mean I saw The Drillboys, no no no, that's not right either! What I'm trying to say is that I saw **ALL SYSTEMS GO!**, with a front line composed of members of **Big Drill Car** and the **Doughboys**—and they were fucking GREAT! Some of their old friends came down for the show, because I chatted backstage briefly with Bill and Karl from **Descendents** & **ALL** and Dave Naz from **Chemical People**. Then two days later at the Palace...

I saw ALL, Good Riddance and Limp. ALL is so awesome. They are the best, just the best.

I can see a counter reaction against political correctness, prissy moral neopuritanism and the entire emo/straight-edge stance rising up through the underground. The reanimated movement is several years old, such things take time to develop, but it's now beginning to surface. We are going to see a lot more of raw, wild rock'n'roll bands who are hard drinking and punk as fuck. They've always been there, many of them viciously ignored by the Forces of Punk Purity, but that's changing. Another outlet for bands of this type has just been created. It's a zine called **Hit List** out of Berkeley California. Run by **Maximumrocknroll** co-founder Jeff Bale and **Cold Front Records** owner Brett Mathews, Hit List is a widely distributed (through Mordam) zine pushing an agenda of hard rocking music and antiPC writing. It's a return to late 70's-early 80's values in the scene and it's gonna fucking piss off the punk puritans. About fucking time! (Too bad **The Humpers** broke up. If only they'd hung in there another two years because I suspect their brand of fukshitup is going to hit the limelight big really soon...)

I'm writing for Hit List now also, in addition to my Flipside and Spank duties. I have great company in the column section: Reverend Norb & Joey Vindictive to name a couple.

I... —ShitEd, Tujungatrashland



Numero Tracy! Number 13!

THE GOOD NEWS:
Why hello there literate punx! A whole gang of shit has happened since we were last together sitting on the can reading Censor This. I finally got to see All Systems Go! (ex-Doughboys and Big Drill Car) at the Troubadour, of all places. ShitEd and I spent some time with the "dough-car" dudes and chitt-chatted our way through the Sunflower Honey and about being In Green Fields, of whatever type-things. Anyway, the band kicks some serious ass with the not-exactly "new" drummer, but Matt Taylor seemed right at home behind those drums. I recommend that you go see this band live before everybody hears about them at this years Warped Tour. I hear that All Systems GO! and Sunderland-England's Leatherface are scheduled for this years festival with... WHO FUCKIN' CARES!!

THE BRIT. NEWS:
Speaking of British bands?!?! Leatherface have an upcoming split CD on B.Y.O. with some other band. (I heard Leatherface and nothing else, I'm sorry!) There's also a tour of the US - that's right, these here UNITED STATES- with Hot Water Music in May, if I'm not mistaken. Then June and July on the Warped Tour. Don't fret, CENSOR THIS will be there!!! So keep in touch for the latest news... I also had the chance to see and interview the 'British Punk Legends' we Yanks like to call, GBH at The Glass House in Pomona, as you'll soon find out reading further into this issue. First of all, I have to say that the security at The Glass House are fuckin' very cool people. They were courteous to my wife and I the entire night. My only gripe about The Glass House is that they do not sell any booze of any kind! I could've used a good stiff drink during 98 Mute's set. Billyclub were an excellent band. ShitEd has been going on about how great a band these guys are live for almost a year now. I am so fuckin' glad I finally had the chance to see them play. Billyclub consists of ex-members of legendary English punk bands such as: UK Subs, The Exploited, Broken Bones, Discharge and American favorite, REO Speedealer. This Brit-ican or Ameri-tish combination is really quite brilliant. The kids didn't seem to quite get Billyclub though. They stood there not really giving the Billyclub their well deserved credit. I am willing to bet -hard cash- that if these kids knew who the fuck these 'living legends' on stage where, they'd be climbing the barricades and all over anybody and everybody trying to get one of Karl and/or Terry to tell them to "Fuck Off Wanker!". But since most of the kids in attendance were born when Green Day was the hot new thing on MTV, then I guess I can understand!! Next up was 98 Mute with their bland Pennywise-type sound... And that's all I have to say about that! Then it was time for the main-event of the evening... GBH! I'd like to thank Mr. Bruce Duff of Triple X Records for helping me out with the GBH show. For more GBH, read the interview...

THE LOCAL NEWS:
Congratulations to Dead Lazlo's Place for getting on THREE "1998 Top 10 Lists". Two in Flipside and another in some other zine that escapes my mind at the moment. Also, in March, I had the pleasure along with a few of DLP's closest friends to scream out some background vocals for the upcoming EP tentatively titled, "Pyork". They've recorded nine tracks, six of which will be used for the new EP. The remainder are for some future projects in the works and for some compilations. The producing/engineering duties were once again done by Micheal Rozon at his SpeedSemenCloveFactory recording studio. As we are on the subject of Dead Lazlo's Place, they have told me that they are preparing to hit the once road again. A little later than expected, but they are determined to get back out by the middle of May... Speaking of later than expected, by the time this goes to print, the new BadTown Boys album, "Another Fine Day" should finally be out on New Red Archives. I recommend you to go out and get it. This is a great follow-up to their 1994 release, "ep-i-dem-ic". OG-ster, Tommy Komisar along with DLP's Ike and Gizz with ex-Foreign Object frontman, Stephan X makes this one of my favorite albums of the year already. One more announcement from the LazloTown USA Camp. A better late than never congrats to Gizz Lazlo and his lovely fiance Brenna on their recent engagement. "Many moons of luck to you both"...

THE BAD NEWS:
I guess I shoulda started this paragraph with the last sentence, oh well. Anyway, no thanks to Lagwagon because I missed seeing All Systems GO! at The Palace and I am very pissed about that!!! Another no thanks to the Cadillac Tramps for not showing up on time to play at the Roxy! I waited for about an hour and then I left in a disappointed, angry, drunken stupor. If it weren't for Bruce and GBH, that whole weekend would have been... well, shite!!!!

As usual, the usual sometimes unusual web sites I like to recommend:

ALL SYSTEMS GO! (ex Doughboys & Big Drill Car) - http://www.oueb-design.com/asg/Home/
BAD CHILE (CA) - http://member.aol.com/Badchile
BILLYCLUB (TX) - http://billyclub.tsx.org/
CHASER PRESS (CA) - www.chasershirts.com
FUN SIZE (VA) - www.main.com/~natas/funsize.htm
KANGAROO RECORDS (Holland) - http://herry.fee.uva.nl
LEATHERFACE (England) - www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Venue/8518
NEW RED ARCHIVES (CA) - www.newredarchives.com
OX FANZINE (Germany) - www.punkrawk.com
REFUSED (Sweden) - www.burningheart.com/refused
SAMIAM (CA) - Www.gosamgo.com
SPEED SEMEN CLOVE FACTORY (CA) - www.dungeonkids.com/DOVSPEAK/sscf.html
STICKER GUY (NV) - www.stickerguy.com
SUBSTANDARD RECORDS (CA) - www.substandard.com
TONGUE (CA) - http://members.tripod.com/~xtonguex
TRIPLE X RECORDS (CA) - www.triple-x.com
TRUST ZINE (Germany) - http://planetsound.com/media/trust
WORLD WIDE PUNK PAGE (Canada) - www.worldchat.com/vic/wwp

See youse next time, punx!
SAL (I'm old!) COCHINO

QUOTE OF THE COLUMN:
"What's wrong with being sexist? We've been sexy for years!" --Colin (GBH vocalist)

(The following article and many other great diatribes may be found on Mark's website: http://www.ipass.net/~mpenman)

Beaver Shots and Bloodshed

I'd gotten off to a late start last Thursday, and was leaving my apartment around 8:20am when I heard some strange voices coming from the direction of J.Y. Joyner Elementary. I took a half-step off my porch and verified that it was my hippy-chick neighbor boozing it up with two other females. I've never tried to grapple with her, so although she's a total Jesus-Krispy we've managed to become pretty good friends over the last year.

I'd been having a couple of bad days at work, half-step ahead/two steps back kind of shit, and so went back inside and grabbed what was left of the case of beer I'd bought the night before.

As I walked up I identified the blonde in the group as an old high school pal of my neighbor's, and brightened-up immensely as she is as good-looking a woman as you're likely to see, six feet tall and stacked, with an intelligent face and a husky voice that'd make even Truman Capote's dead crotch twitch. I greeted her first. Then I took a good look at the gal to her right (her sister, as it turned out). Here's a word I've never used before in this context: She was completely incandescent. Jaw-dropping. Stunning.

If I hadn't been running on autopilot due to a massive hangover, I might have plowed into a tree.

The Sister was a brunette. Seen alongside her sibling, I was perfectly willing at that moment to start circulating a petition requesting that their parents begin copulating twenty-four hours a day on the off-chance that they'd eventually produce a redhead to complete the set.

The ladies all had on short skirts. And they were sitting on the grass. So every time I pulled my face down to my bottle I got a great peek without being too grotesquely obvious. And it was a beautiful goddamn day, as nice as it ever gets here this time of year, with a pleasant breeze gently swaying the trees. I went out to buy more beer later, and we spent all day drinking and yacking about nothing in particular. I was really, utterly in a fantastic mood when we finally parted.

Then I went home and found out that Bent-Dick Bill had cruise-missiled the holy shit out of two Third World pestholes. So now we have a new concept to play with, the anti-terrorist terrorist bombing. Neat.

I don't really know fuckall about Sudan, but remember reading that "Chinese" Gordon—about as big a hero as Victorian England thought that it had produced at the time—and his entire command caught the High Hot Hard One in Khartoum back in 1885 due to the loving attention lavished on them by this Muslim true believer called the Mahdi.

I've managed to learn a bit more about Afghanistanis. They are the hard-bitten badasses who whacked the crap out of the Soviet Red Army not so many years ago while armed with little more than goofy-looking beards and pointy sticks. Rudyard Kipling's assessment of them (and please don't bust on me for the quote, 'cos I'm doing it off the top of my head) was that:

> If you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains
> And the women come out to cut up what remains
> Just roll on your rifle and blow out your brains
> And go to your God like a soldier.

Now, do these sound like the kind of people we want pissed off at us because our Boner-in-Chief felt the need to grab some positive face time after his approval numbers took a bit of a slide? I'd much rather hear about him nailing Tony Blair's wife, or vomiting on some Japanese official who hasn't resigned in disgrace yet, or complaining about the smeary signatures on the last couple of checks from his budskis in Beijing.

Expectedly disappointing was the response from Clinton's soiled opposition, the Republicans with the Amazing Prehensile Spines. Almost every one of these lameballs trotted out the crusty old gag about the value of unanimity during a "crisis," thereby ceding the point that something just had to be done RIGHT NOW, followed of course by the knee-jerk pledge to support our troops in the field. That last bit works great when our fighting men are actually in the thick of things, but this time out the only threat our boys faced were chipped fingernails from inserting the keys, turning the keys, and pushing the big lit buttons. I've only heard of two Congressmen so far who've had the balls to go against the "Amen" tide and condemn the Head Horndog for pulling off such an incredibly dangerous stunt for momentary political advantage. I have to hope that more will join them when average Americans start getting dropped in retaliation by looney-eyed dudes with incomprehensible accents. And you know that's gonna happen. Now.

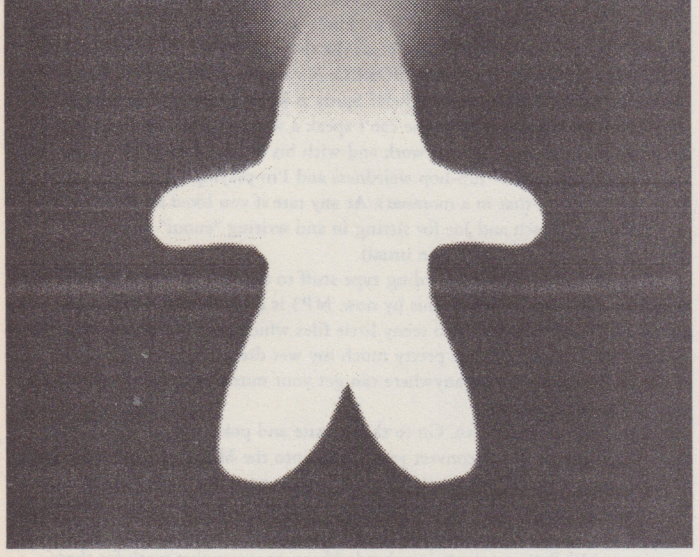
I'm not completely cynical, so I'm willing to believe that there might be even a 2% chance that our cloak & dagger crew coincidentally stumbled across the location of the "terrorist bases" and that "precursor to chemical weapons" factory (it purportedly housed potentially-dangerous compounds . . . well heck, so does the Mallinckrodt plant on U.S. 1 up near Wake Forest) just hours before their boss needed to divert the media from the spectacle of his personal Mini-Vac spilling the seed, uh, beans to a grand jury. But I would be much less surprised to learn that U.S. taxpayer revenues were used to finance the damned things in the first place. That's the way our "Intelligence" services generally go about their business. Remember how the World Trade Center bombing went down? Of course you don't. Some Tony Danza sitcom was probably on at the time. So here's a real shocker: Guess who provided the know-how behind the destructive device the wascally wagheads used? You should know. After all, you were paying his salary.

Maybe now one of those Stinger man-portable anti-aircraft missiles we sent to the mujahadeen in the '80s will be paying some unfortunate batch of us a visit real soon. Then the folks in Washington who care about us so very much can gleefully hop on the heart-tugging TV images and twist 'em into an excuse to finally implement the dead-serious slate of "security" programs and regulations they've been planning for decades ("Your papers, citizen?"). A War on Terrorism will make the heinous War on Drugs seem downright rinky-dink as far as them pesky civil liberties go. And go they will.

Fascism abhors a vacuum. If we don't have enough natural enemies, then enemies must be painstakingly cultivated.

Emmanuel Goldstein, meet Osama bin Laden. Ozzy, Manny.

Ghost Danse:
in the zero zone with Ouran



Islands In The Sea Of Being

Near as I can determine, all a person is—is awareness located at a specific point in space. The awareness looks outward in all directions, though inhabiting bodies has biased most of us into the habit of concentrating our attention in two directions: forward through the face, and down the length of the body itself.

At this point I should establish a definite word to use for it. This point location of awareness that is each of us, can be referred to as a spirit. I do not use the word "soul", except rarely in a poetic sense. "Soul" is much too ill-defined and fuzzy of a word to be useful except when writing poetry. The Hindus use a term "atman", and the Scientologists use "thetan", but these are too specialized and obscure for most people. I've also heard the word "nameless" used, and that is very apropos. Unfortunately it is too obscure for most people. Therefore I say "spirit" when I talk about you and I and all that is aware in the universe. The Hindus more properly should have used the word "sat" = "I am". Therefore "being" might be a useful English word to describe what some have called "The Nameless"—a term I find hard to use also because of the overwhelming sense of irony I feel when naming something "nameless".

This focused point of awareness, this spirit, has more than attention turned outward in all directions—it glows constantly with energy that flows outward in all directions as well. The ancient Sanskrit word for god is "deva", from which we get our words "divine" and "devil". Deva means "shining one". This may not make much sense to you that the ancients would have used that name, but it's because they could see glowing spirits in the air. Almost no one in modern times can still do this, but it used to be an easy thing for most people to do. I'm not going to go into long explanations about why and how we have degenerated into materialistic meat robots. Some other time, okay?

A human being is a spirit operating a meat body, which organism is little more than a machine. I often jokingly refer to bodies as "meat robots." A nice analogy for a person and their body would be a person driving a car. A spirit does not possess any mass or energy, though it readily creates both mass and energy. A body is matter, that is to say, atoms and molecules organized into systems. Between the spirit and the body are three recognizable levels of control. These three lumped together could be called the "mind". The body itself possess' its own mental machinery, physically located in the obvious place, the brain. It also possesses many other less obvious mental mechanisms, most of which are the ductless glands. These other sites taken together constitute the Chakras of the Hindus. This brain and these glands interact with the spirit's three levels of control to produce all phenomena associated with humans, from emotion and reason, on up to clairvoyance and "magic." The brain allows reality to be organized in the familiar fashion that we're all accustomed to, but reality is quite different from what you think it is, and the spirit's point of view when bodiless is radically different from what most people regard as "normal" reality.

Mind consists of consideration, of idea. Thought at almost all levels consists of consideration, which is to say "meaning" attached or tagged to matter/energy. A mental image is an energy field that has been given form, with just enough meaning attached to it for the person to identify the form. Visualize a chair, and "know" that it is a chair. This is a lot of energy, a literal "force field", with a small amount of meaning attached. A thought on the other hand is the reverse of that. A thought is a very small lump of matter/energy with a proportionally larger amount of meaning to it. Think "chair" without forming a mental image, and all the meaning of "chair" is attached to a microscopic flicker of mass. The concept of "chair" contains such ideas as seat, legs, back, armrests, etc—everything that makes up a chair. But the thought itself is all that significance stuck onto a microscopic bead of matter/energy that is flicked into existence by the spirit, only to vanish instantly, unless held onto by the attention.

The lowest level of control is that contained within the body's aura. It is sometimes referred to as the etheric body or etheric double; sometimes as the astral body. It is shaped roughly the same as the physical body, but is a little larger, extending outward through the skin a few inches in all directions. It is an energy field containing images (mental image pictures) most of which are memories, emotion, effort, and maybe enough meaning to identify the images. All too often at this level, the images are unviewed and unidentified by the spirit, and therefore they tend to persist and obsess. This is what Hubbard was describing with his "engrams." These unviewed memories can be placed anywhere in relation to the body (out to a surprisingly great distance), but are usually close to or within it.

The next level is the one that a person probably thinks of as their thinking mind. It is roughly spherical, centered around the location in space occupied by the spirit. In most people that means centered on the body's head. It is a sphere of awareness that in most people seems to be anywhere from a foot to three feet in diameter. It contains focused attention and organized awareness. It is at this level of energy that thinking (not visualizing) occurs. It is characterized by big meanings tagged onto small matter/energy.

The next level above that, the one just below pure spirit, has no shape, no limits, and effectively is as large as the area within which the spirit happens to be interacting with the universe. It is characterized by considerations that are not attached to any mental energy at all, but instead are applied directly to the physical universe. This is the real sphere of influence of a spirit within the universe, which is the reason images may be found a considerable distance from the body.

There is supposed to be a level above that, but it isn't really a "level". Above that it is reported that the entire material universe seems to be about the size of a matchbox. At that point you are outside of the universe of matter, space and time, at a high level of serenity, but also without a game to play. That's why people do manage to come back from it to their bodies and report it.

The "size" of a spirit is usually judged to be its reach, at what distance it can affect the universe. Another yardstick for judging the "size" of a spirit is by the diameter of its personal space. Most people seem to be about 2-3 feet in diameter. Some are only a foot in diameter. People that are a foot in diameter can be very annoying to others because they have no sense of violating other people's personal spaces. If you're no bigger than your body's head then you don't feel that you are pressing in on someone else until your head is literally up against theirs! This pisses off people who are three feet in diameter when standing in line at the bank because the one footers stand too damn close!

Occasionally one will encounter a very large being. There are people who can fill rooms, fill entire houses, occupy a space that extends for hundreds of feet in all directions. Usually a person like this will not make others uncomfortable by their presence, just the opposite. Many large beings are regarded as saints.

The body is hypnotic. Hypnotism is the fixation of attention in one direction, usually at one object or person. It acts to hypnotize a spirit by focusing most of its attention forward through the eyes (most of the rest is directed down through the body). This in turn gets the spirit into the habit of only using enough attention to fit its one directional needs. But if you close your eyes and fan your attention out, you will find that you can "look" with your mind's eye in all directions at once. This will be a strain for most people because they don't have enough attention to spread over that wide an area. Practice at looking at many objects simultaneously will span the attention and create more of it for use.

Remember that a spirit has unlimited potential. Stretch and multiply your abilities by practice at holding in the mind as many separate objects as possible. The normal person can usually only focus their attention at first on 5 things at once.

"God" has an infinite number of eyes.

And those eyes are us. You and me and the guy down the street and the green skinned fellow living on a planet in the Andromeda galaxy. In addition to all the eyes inhabiting meat organisms, there are many more spirits that have no bodies. We are living in a sea of being. Spirits are everywhere. This fact is the foundation of all animist religions, like Shinto in Japan. Those who have not lost their spiritual sight due to disuse can see spirits floating in the air, clinging to fence posts, glued to framed photos on livingroom walls, inhabiting the heads of statues in parks or the headlights of motorcycles. Spirits are everywhere. And though I suppose that their number is finite and countable, in practical terms there are so damned many in this huge physical universe that their number is effectively infinite. And new spirits, new eyes of God, wander into the universe continuously, making any vain attempt at a head count more of a running talley!

I said above that we are living in a sea of being. I was being poetic rather than precise when I made that statement. The sea of being is what we apparently split off from. Before we were individuals, we were perhaps part of an undifferentiated beingness that just is, but which doesn't ever say "I am." Or to be exact, the moment the sea of being says "I am" a new spirit separates from the None, the Nameless. At that moment a new eye of God has formed, a new point of view from which to look. At some point in its existence this new spirit discovers the physical universe within the infinity of space. The act of a new spirit entering the physical universe is symbolized by trump 0 of the tarot deck. The Fool represents a new pal foolishly entering the universe, with no suspicions that going into agreement with its rhythms will subject it to joy and sorrow.

Your body is not you. Your mind is not you. Your memories that you hold so dear are not you. All the organization of your thoughts and ideas that you have carefully built up are not you. Your personality is not you. Your desires are not you. Everything that you think you are, is not you.

You are a nothing. You are awareness at an arbitrary location in space, a location that you can change at any time. You surround yourself with thoughts and emotions and mental images but you are none of these things. They exist a few millimeters, inches or feet out from your location, with just enough space separating them from you so that you can look at them, experience them and manipulate them. They also often occupy not quite the same space as the physical universe, as if they weren't quite inside it somehow. If they were to exactly occupy the same space with you who are an eye of God, so that you would perfectly "be" (duplicate) them, they would vanish instantly. No thing in your mind may be duplicated by you and survive, only physical matter can do that. Physical matter can share the exact same location with a spirit because its creation is hidden by many factors: a huge abyss of time, a scrambled confusion of original locations and a vast number of overlays of energies. To make physical matter vanish the way one's personal mental energies do, is more than the average spirit is practiced enough to do. It requires a greatly increased span of attention for one thing. I'm not going to describe the mechanics of destroying matter to you. Forget it!

A spirit is like a hole in space. It is very much as if a small hole is punched in space and time, with a fresh creation of energies pouring continuously out through the hole. A spirit is nothing. It is not made out of matter and energy, and neither is it limited to any time. It creates time and is in command of it. Only in one way can it be said to have a time, in a weird manner: its mind has a time that it exists in, and that time is the moment of the spirit's entry into this universe. The implications of that particular fact are unsettling in this manner: it implies that the physical universe is as much a person's mind as their thoughts, emotions and memories. The universe is your mind? Yes, apparently. But if it is then it's everyone else's mind too!

The Fool (tarot trump 0) is a fool because he is creating a mind, forming it in accordance with the rules of this damned universe of ours... But he is still a god, a dreamer who dreams with eyes open, whose dream is the universe.

—Ouran

Everyday ennui

by E.D. BORED

Eggfoot Productions

Word on the street has it that BORED has called it quits. Yep that's right, you heard right, BORED is no more. I wish I had some big melodramatic tale about our final days but the truth is we kinda went out with a whimper. After playing together for seven or eight years the three of us just got plain tired (or should we say "bored"...) of being BORED. Now what am I going to do with this closet full of T-shirts and stickers? Spiny is working on his solo stuff, all of which is in Portuguese (though he can't speak a word...), Mariano (who actually speaks Portuguese...) is TCB at work and with his family, I recorded a solo album full of quiet psychedelic hip-hop weirdness and I'm playing guitar for another band too (more on that in a moment). At any rate if you liked us Thank You.

Thanks to Sloach and Joe for sitting in and writing "ennui" last issue (because I was feeling lazier than usual).

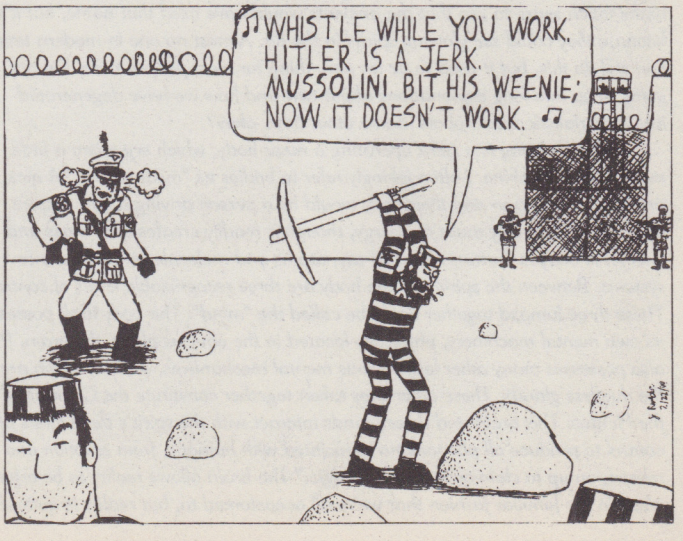
I don't have too much recording type stuff to talk about except for MP3. I'm sure you have all heard about this by now. MP3 is a file format that lets you squish high quality sound into teeny little files which makes it easy to distribute through the internet. This is pretty much my wet dream. For all DIY artists this is the motherload. Anyone anywhere can get your music and if they download it through www.mp3.com
you actually get a little cash. Go to the website and poke around, uploads are free and so are the utilities to convert your music into the MP3 format. I could blather on for days about the demise of the evil corporate record companies but the truth is A) you've heard it all before (I recommend the articles that Chuck D from Public Enemy has written on the subject in Wired and a couple other magazines); and B) I'm sure the pointy headed bean counters that work for these multinational conglomerates will find a crafty way of capitalizing on the downloadable music revolution. However until they figure it out, it is the best way for DIY bands to get their message to the masses. Let me know if you have any luck with this.

Blah, Blah, Blah I can't believe the analog vs. digital debate is still going on. Just shut up and use whatever format you want.

So like I mentioned up in the first paragraph, I am working with a new project. One of the things that has come up is ego clashes. Being in a band should be fun, yeah there is hard work involved but then again is doing something you love really considered hard work? One of the things that seems to constantly topple bands big and small is the unbelievable egos that musicians have. I don't want to be preachy, but take a moment and examine your own motivations. Is your prime intention to contribute to the unit and make the music as good as possible? I mean do you really feel that way? Or are you more interested in getting laid, partying and acting like a dork all in the name of rock-n-roll? Now I know your daddy was inattentive when you were little and you need some sort of external validation but try to keep you selfish behaviors out of the band, that includes trying to upstage other people when you're performing, insisting that things be played your way or not at all, being unprepared for practices and shows and never ever forget that you are not a rockstar. Rockstars suck.

Send me e-mail: eggfoot@earthlink.net

World Conspiracy by James Burton



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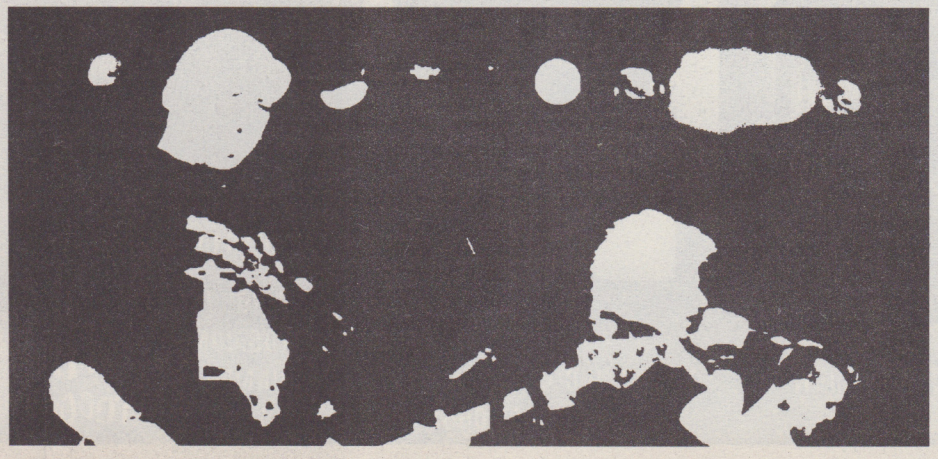
Junk records

Interview: GBH
At: The Glass House, Pomona
By: Sal Cochino
For: Censor This
Date: 02.25.99
Location: Dressing room
PICS: Sal Cochino

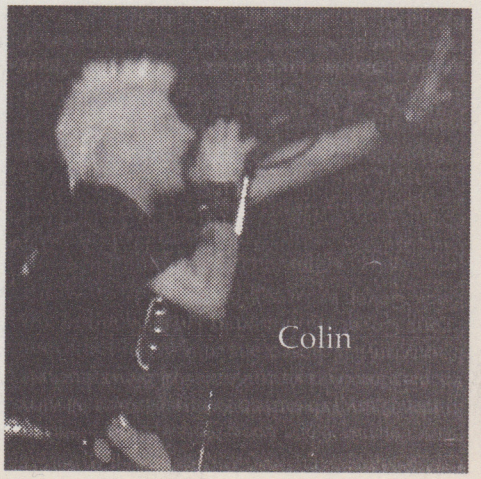
Formed in 1980 by Colin (vocals), Jock (guitar), Ross (bass), and Wilf (drums) - Charged, G.B.H. (Grievious Bodily Harm) set forth to be one of the most uncompromising bands of our time. With an onslaught of some of the best punk rock recordings in the world to date, GBH has remained a favorite in the eyes and ears of today's youth as well as some of us old crusty fucks. From their debut full-length, "City Baby Attacked By Rats" (1982) to their most recent release, "Punk Junkies" (1997) GBH has never let up on their brand of noisy and distorted British Hardcore with that slight metallic touch. Around for more than a few (almost 20) years, GBH have another new drummer in Scott. This fellow Englishman has been in the band for six years and has really fell into the slice of the punk rock pie that has made the band seem harder than ever. So here's a little ditty of an interview with these British Punk Rock Legends - us Yanks refer to as... G . B . H .

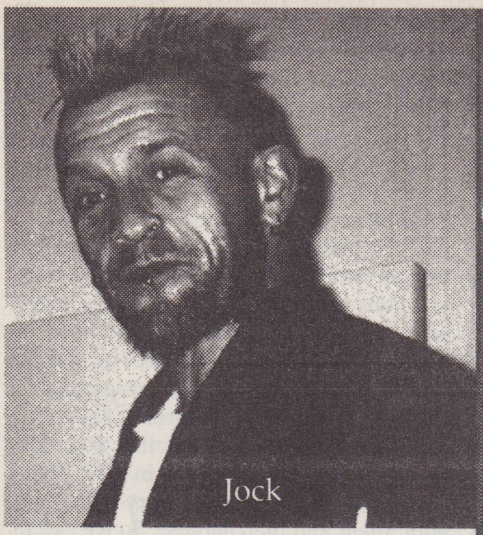
SAL: I've been a fan of yours for quite a while now. So for some of the kids that don't know about GBH really...
COLIN: Oh, they do!
SAL: They know about GBH but not your names and instruments?
COLIN: Colin, vocal.
JOCK: Had to think about that... (laughter)
SCOTT: Scott, drums, drumming or drummerish. Jock listen up, you swine!
JOCK: Jock on the guitar.
COLIN: Ross, bass. He's over there. (drinking with the ladies)
ROSS: That's right!
SAL: The new drummer?
COLIN: Good looking, talk to him for a change. He's got pretty big nipples.
JOCK: Big nips!
SAL: Where did you come from, Scott?
SCOTT: West (I don't know, somewhere in England) originally...



JOCK: (snoring noises) Come one...
SAL: What about bands?
SCOTT: I was in this band called Bombs Over Disneyland about six years ago or something...
SAL: How did you get into GBH?
COLIN: And the Village People.
JOCK: Pet Shop Boys.
SCOTT: Pot sewage mouth.
SAL: You use double-bass drums, right?
SCOTT: Yeah. It's a metal thing. I'm just much more comfortable with it there.
SAL: How long have you been in the band?
COLIN: About six years.
SAL: How long has the band been together?
COLIN: Twenty.
SAL: Do you like being back in the US?
COLIN: Yes. It's wonderful.
SAL: What's been the best show so far on this tour?
COLIN: New York.
SAL: Where at in New York did you play?
JOCK: The Life or something like that.
SAL: Tell me about Detroit? What happened?
COLIN: No, we don't want to give them publicity, bastards.
SAL: How do you like touring with Billyclub?
COLIN: They're alright for a bunch of wankers. (laughter)
JOCK: They're a great band. Okay bastards but a great band.
SAL: Tell me, what's the one band you had the most fun playing with?

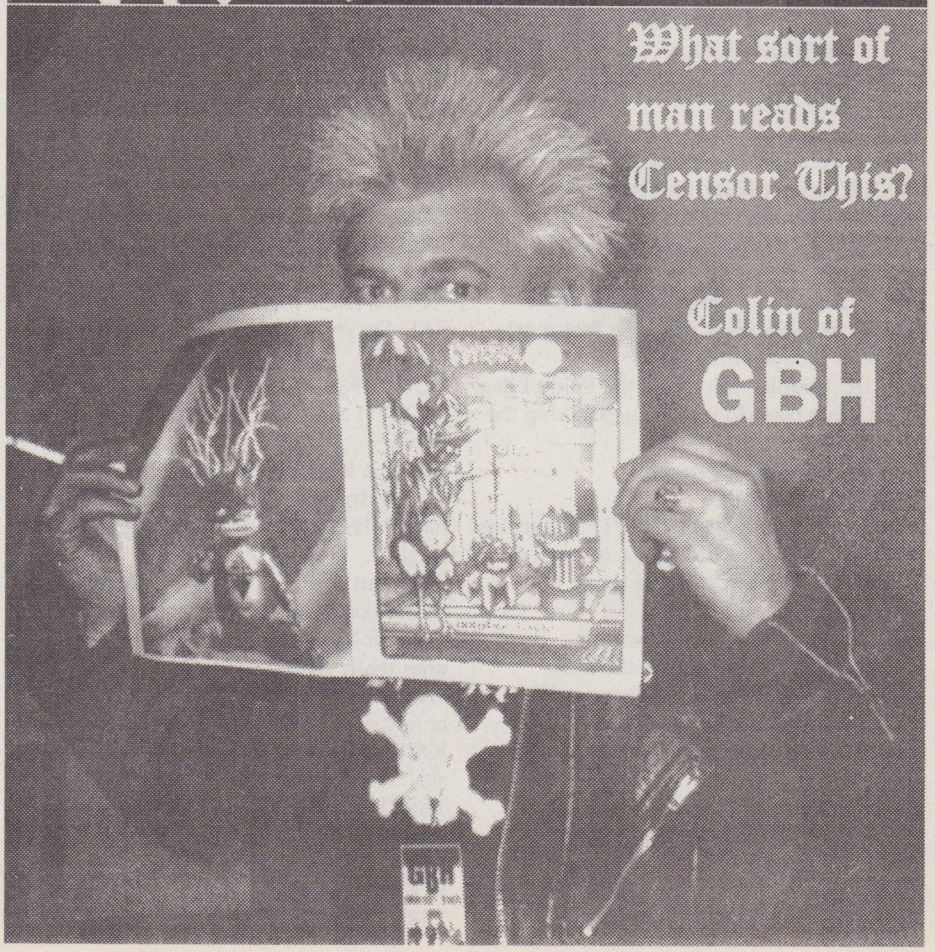
COLIN: Billyclub.
SAL: Through all the years?
COLIN: Through all years?
JOCK: Agnostic Front was great.
SAL: Agnostic Front, when was that?
JOCK: That was in 1986.
SAL: How is this tour in comparison with your first American tour?
COLIN: It's better now probably, we know what we're doing.
SAL: Having a lot more fun now?
COLIN: Yeah, we've learned all the tricks.
SCOTT: Johnny [Zito, tour manager] looks after us whenever we don't.
SAL: What's the best meal you've had on this tour?
JOCK: Best meal? There's two up there.
TERRY BONES (BILLYCLUB): Best meal, it's gotta be that curry rice.
COLIN: Middle-eastern, all the Fillo-philes.
SAL: What beer do you enjoy drinking the most?
COLIN: Free! (loud laughter)
SAL: Good answer!
COLIN: Not Budweiser. (*NOTE: After this interview someone brought a 20-pack of Budweiser into the dressing room, and they drank it... all!)
SAL: Enough with the Budweiser...
COLIN: We'll leave that for the kids.
SAL: When will the new CD come out?
COLIN: There will be next year.
SAL: Have you guys recorded the record yet?
COLIN: No.
SCOTT: It's about 75% done, I'd say.
SAL: What can we expect from the new release?
COLIN: Same old shit! (roar of laughter)
SAL: Jock, what bands did you grow up listening to. Not influenced by but listen to as a youngster?
JOCK: Things like fuckin' Queen, Slade, T-Rex, Black Sabbath, and Led Zeppelin.
SAL: How about you, Colin? What bands did you listen to?
COLIN: I didn't have any really... I really listen to music when I was young.
(at this point in the interview, someone dropped the deli tray so a lot of the interview can not be heard on the tape recorder)
SAL: You didn't listen to anything?
COLIN: I didn't have any interest in music.
SAL: You guys are from Birmingham, right?
COLIN: Same place as Black Sabbath...
SAL: Do you guys have day jobs back in the UK?
COLIN: No!
SCOTT: I did some welding and construction...
(again, a lot of commotion going on in the shared dressing room Billyclub and GBH had. Billyclub was getting ready to hit the stage)
SAL: Out of all the labels you've released records on, what label treated you the best?
COLIN: None. (laughter) The Japanese ones really treat you the best.
SAL: Do any of today's punk bands really annoy you?
JOCK: There's a bit too much ska. I like old ska.
TERRY BONES: Oh oh oh oh! Yesterday, what was that Black Sabbath song we heard, but a ska version on the radio, Ross?
ROSS: Paranoid!
TERRY BONES: Paranoid done with ska!
DAVE (BILLYCLUB): Fucking hell!
TERRY BONES: They had to hold me back. I was about to hit the fucking window! My hands were digging in the dashboard.
SAL: Who in the band has been to jail?
COLIN: Trouble! (laughter) None of us. Ever!
SAL: Never been to jail on tour, huh?
COLIN: Just some bullshit. It was close getting us into Canada. They found this fancy weapons charge from 1982 and they acted as if were yesterday. Me, Jock and Ross have got this weapon. They put us in separate rooms and then they interrogated us, these big lumberjack characters. They threw us up [against] the wall. It was fucking bollocks! This happened in 1982. They wouldn't let us into the country with our equipment and merchandise. So we had to pay two and half thousand dollars to get it back. And they wouldn't let us in the country still. It was a sold-out show. We weren't even staying... we weren't even sleeping in Canada. We were just gonna do the show and coming back to America. They treated us like criminals. That made us want to sue.
SAL: If you guys could kill anyone in the scene who would it be?
COLIN: Kill, I don't believe in death.
JOCK: It would have to be the Nazi Skinheads.
SAL: Would you ever have sex with a dwarf?
JOCK: (covers his face) A good looking one! (laughter)
SAL: What really offends you?
JOCK: What offends me?
SCOTT: Arrogance.
JOCK: People fucking the kids is the worst thing. It's the worst thing in the world, I think. That's about it.
SCOTT: Animal torture.
SAL: Have you seen any good movies lately?
MATT McCOY (BILLYCLUB): We watched Blazing Saddles!
JOCK: Blazing Saddles is our favorite film.
SAL: What can we expect from the rest of


Colin



Jock

the tour?
JOCK: It's gonna be great. It's been positively working. Just moral support.
SAL: When will you guys be back in US again after this tour?
JOCK: Not until, I'd say after our new album comes out.
SAL: When do you plan on having the new record out?
JOCK: We're still looking for a label at the moment.
SCOTT: There are some label interested, but we want to take our time. We have seven or eight songs.
SAL: How long have you been on tour now?
JOCK: A couple of weeks, about three weeks now.
SAL: How long is this tour?
JOCK: About seven or eight.
SCOTT: It ends March 15th.
SAL: Then what are your plans?
JOCK: I'll be back on tour in the North-East America. I've got a project with two of the ENGLISH DOGS. Have you heard of English Dogs?
SAL: English Dogs? Yeah, yeah, yeah!!
JOCK: We've got a band together called THE WERNT. We're touring after this.
SAL: So you'll be touring America?
JOCK: North-East. Just two weeks. Then GBH goes to Russia, for a summer festival.
SAL: So, who was in Prodigy!
JOCK: Bloody hell!! Bastard!
SAL: Anything else you'd like to talk about?
COLIN: Mr. Clinton, can we talk about him?
JOCK: No, no!
SCOTT & SAL: How about Monica Lewinsky?
JOCK: No, no!
SAL: Too big a subject?
COLIN: Yeah, well a men's subject.
SAL: Any final comments?
COLIN: Long Live Punk Rock!



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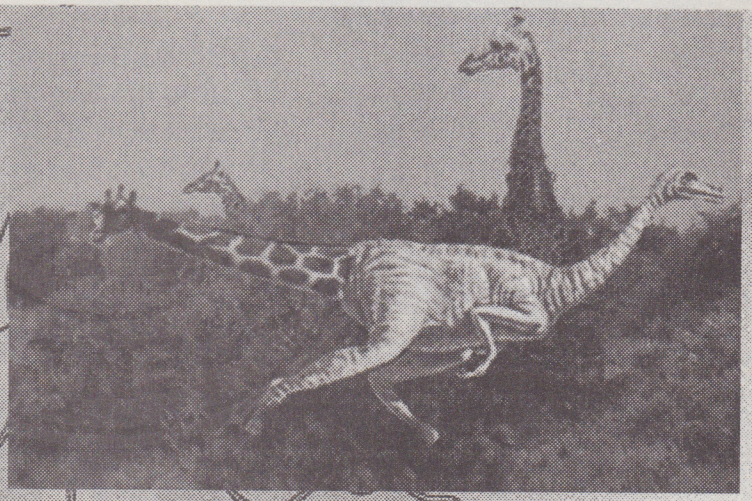
WELCOME TO . . .

Dr Jack has discovered a secret island filled with weird mutant hybrids. Something has caused all life on the island to resemble giraffes.

Huge Apatogiraffes roam the island eating the tops of trees.

And worse, giraffe heads grow on odd parts of animals, places where heads don't belong.



Dr Jack breaks out in a cold sweat as he discovers he too has become infected with the Giravovirus.

Looking through his microscope, Dr Jack finds the answer: the island is heavily infested with a terrible virus, the giant Giravovirus Growonus.

There is no time to lose. The island must be quarantined to keep the virus from spreading. He must leave immediately.

Too late.

an e-bulletinboard conversation between ShitEd and Ana Voog of anacam

Posted by Edward - cyber.bccs.COM (207.86.14.75) on May 03, 1999 at 10:08:41:
In Reply to: little music survey posted by trilly on May 02, 1999 at 22:29:59:
Music Survey
1. Are you aware of the regulations that are put upon artists by their record labels? (monitoring image, editing song lyrics, etc.) Yes, very painfully aware.
2. Should record labels have any control at all over an artist's work? No!
3. Are their certain kinds of bands that deserve more creative freedom than others? All bands should have total creative freedom, and if labels don't like that then they shouldn't offer multi-album contracts! I remember when Frank Zappa fucked a label that had him locked into a shitty deal by issuing crap to fullfill his obligation (If I recall the album was called "Orchestral Favorites.")
4. Do "teenybopper" bands take away from other artists who are not manufactured by producers? Your question is based on the premise that the major-label system is the norm. Fuck all those people. Indie labels for everyone!
5. Do you think these "teenybopper" bands are purely a marketing ploy? Of course. *Why or why not? Listen, get over your perception that the major record labels are about music. They aren't. They are about making money. Period. A manufactured band (like the Hansons, Goldfinger or Monkees) is just a way for the label to make money in a particular niche market.
6. Do you agree with this practice of manufacturing and marketing bands to capture a certain demographic? Fuck no!
7. Does it matter to you how the music you enjoy was made? No, but with the reservation that music which was made by some label-slut group almost always sucks.
8. What kind of music do you listen to? Punk rock, rock'n'roll, rockabilly, swamp, delta blues and bluegrass usually --- but I'll listen to anything critically (I'm a music writer in the underground rock scene.)
9. Your age: 48. That's supposed to be kinda old for a punk, but there's more of us than you would think running magazines (I do Censor This. Jeff Bale, 48, does Hit List, Al, 43 does Flipside), indie record labels, record stores, etc.
OTHER COMMENTS: I do want to point out that independent labels can also do the same bullshit with bands which the majors do, but it isn't institutionalized among the indies. Also, there is a revolution underway which is killing the major labels (which is why the A&M massacre occurred). The revolution is caused by the new technologies. Digital recording and distro through the internet is making it possible for bands to record at home, place their MP3 files on their website (like Ana and Fetik do here), have their own CDs made for as little as $600-$650 per 1000 raw CDs, $300 for printing the booklet/tray cards, plus a little for jewel trays, etc... basically if a band spends more than $1100 manufacturing a 1000 CDs then they are fucking up. Recording, mastering costs will vary of course. Let's say $2000 to $4000 to record and release their own record. Then the record is advertised through websites and print ads in magazines. They sell it through a PO Box, and sells it to record stores and distributors. The band often makes $3 profit per CD sold to stores and distros, and $8 per CD sold mail order direct to listeners. Manufacturing cost go down as you make more than the 1000 minimum. A full time touring band can make 5000 - 10,000 and sell them on the road for years (if they are smart). Fuck the major labels. Remember the motto of the punk underground: DO IT YOURSELF.
Thank you! Ed "ShitEd" Dawson Los Angeles, Californication

Posted by ANA on May 03, 1999 at 11:06:33:
In Reply to: little music survey/kill the major labels! posted by Edward on May 03, 1999 at 10:08:41:
i totally must reiterate what u said about that indie labels can be just as evil. i have heard JUST as many horror stories about indies as majors. i really don't see a difference in them anymore, with a few exceptions. also, A&M did not fold because of some sosrt of indie revolution. they were bought up by a bigger label, i forgot which one. so a major label just became more major. i think that a downfall WILL come though..and i'm going 2 b VERY excited 2 watch it! but it might not happen for awhile.
and i'll just throw in my two cents that i do not believe hanson is a manufactured band. they are all brothers, and u can hate them, but they ARE incredibly talented for their age. u can't deny it. i'm not a hanson fan, but i just think it's silly they get bashed 'cause they are just so harmless really, imo
also, i don't think that so-called "talentless stupid" bands make it harder for or take away from the "cooler with substance" bands. it's NOT the lame bands fault. it's the fault of radio for playing it over and over and over again. actually it's everyone's fault for LISTENING to that radio station, not requesting the songs they REALLY want to hear, etc...
and MTV, what is up with THEM? all they are is game shows and the same 10 videos day in and day out. i keep wondering why doesn't SOMEONE start a new video station? i wish i knew what was involved in doing something like that so i could understand more why no one is making a alternative to mtv station?
actually, i don't even listen 2 the radio anymore, except for the occasional art bell show :)

Posted by Edward - cyber.bccs.COM (207.86.14.75) on May 03, 1999 at 11:47:35:
In Reply to: Re: little music survey/kill the major labels! posted by ANA on May 03, 1999 at 11:06:33:
Ana
Hell yes the indies can be just as evil, but like I said, it's not institutional-

ized in the indies, so it depends on the label. I have to disagree about A&M. Sure it's the direct result of a merger, but why did the merger have to happen? Because of falling sales and a general sag in profits by majors except from their handful of top acts. It used to be that the majors had profit from both megastars and smaller bands, but the profits from smaller bands have evaporating in the last twenty years, a process which is accellerating. Bands that 20 years ago would still be on majors (in the punk/alternarock scene bands like the Cramps, ALL, Muffs) are now on indies and doing well. The indies are taking up the slack and serving the midsize bands which the majors and their cut throat methods can't. In the punk scene a band like Screeching Weasel can earn a living on a label like Fat Wreck Chords while selling 50,000-100,000 of each CD. If they were on a major label that volume would mean starvation, and being dropped by the label. As for the "heavy rotation" used by radio & MTV, that is dictated by the majors because of their philosophy of
selling 10 million CDs by one band instead of 100,000 CDs by 100 bands. It's at least partially dictated by the economics of scale. They totally have their eyes locked onto their profit margins.
Not mad at you or anything. I think you are way cool. But I have to disagree on some points.
Cheers & beers, Edward

Posted by ANA on May 03, 1999 at 14:33:14:
In Reply to: Re: little music survey/kill the major labels! posted by Edward on May 03, 1999 at 11:47:35:
well, i agree with everything u just said :)
however i still believe that the majors are faltering, not because indies are smart, but because the majors are STUPID.
stupid stupid stupid beyond our wildest dreams, and i know u know that. and i sure do know that now. :)
it really is sick how something can gross 15 million dollars and be considered a failure. i just heard that on a vh1 biography the other day and i can't remember which band it was referring to. i think ONE of the reasons major labels are so incredibly stupid is because of the few "superstars" (like michael jackson, madonna, etc) that really DID have the $$$ 2 make those million dollar videos that are more like mini movies. i mean, they are GORGEOUS and i'm really glad those videos exist, but it seems like those videos then set the standard by which all videos should look like. and we, the audience, got spoiled by seeing and hearing things that cost millions and millions of dollarrs to make, that if the "poorer" bands couldn't keep up with it, they just looked/sounded "worse" 2 our spoiled eyes and ears. the majors shell out SO MUCH MONEY on the STUPIDEST things, and people charge beyond outlandish prices for their professional time(photographers, recording studios, lawyers, etc.) that it takes literally 500,000 at the LEAST just 2 put something out that could even be slightly "competitive" with the "big bands". and major labels won't even LOOK at a photographer unless that person costs 50 trillion dollars a day! i know this because i'd try 2 get my friends involved in doing things for me and my label wouldn't even CONSIDER it because they had never heard of my friends, even though there work was of fine quality. it's just ridiculous, i could go on and on and on. then just to advertise in a magazine is gobs of money, the list continues. it's just everyones fault really for being so greedy. people saw the freakish amounts of cash that people like madonna were making, then everyone jacks up their prices for people like her, because they know $ is no object 2 her. then before u know it all the prices everywhere all are all jacked up in kind of a domino effect. and lawyers. lawyers don't NEED 2 fucking make 300-500 an HOUR. and u can't get anything done unles u GET the lawyers that cost that much. it's all a catch 22. the public is spoiled. we want bigger better faster slicker glossier, prettier louder. it seems to a lot of the public, songs don't matter any more, but the SOUNDS do. if your bass is PHAT and u have the latest sounds and it sounds fantastic on your stereo..that is the cd we are going 2 buy. i know i am guilty of it! i mean it IS cool to listen to those incredibly fabulous sounding records that just ooze with melty sounds all over your living room. then if u put in something like an early xtc record compared 2 the latest TLC..it sounds like shit! (production-wise, not song-wise) it's just that everything EVERYTHING has become totally inflated. i don't think u can just blame the record companies...the problem is just so entrenched into our very society that puts "flashy" before "substance".
we are easily spoiled, greedy, and gullible.
i mean u can't even go out 2 a concert or anything anymore without lots of people being disapointed. (from my experience). we all want the BIG SPECTACLE. it has 2 be the calliber of "zooropa" or we are just bored.
well, those are some of my thoughts thrown out here..i'm still trying 2 figure it out, i'm not saying that everything i've written here is "the reason", i'm just thinking it's PART of the reason why things are so sucky with music these days.
ana

Posted by Edward - cyber.bccs.COM (207.86.14.75) on May 03, 1999 at 12:41:36:
In further response to the music stuff Ana and I were discussing: I know of a side project called Brazaville consisting of members of Beck's backup band. They recorded an ambiant album at SpeedSemenCloveFactory (that's a recording studio!) for I would guess about $3000-$4000. And so far they've sold 8000 CDs out of their PO Box. At a profit of (I conjecture) $8 per CD, that's $64,000 (minus recording, manufacturing, advertising and mastering costs of perhaps $12,000, that's an educated guesstimate) for a perhaps $52,000 dollar profit to divide among the band members. And that's not a year's worth of sales. Not a bad way to keep busy and make a little more pocket change.

Posted by ANA on May 03, 1999 at 15:21:37:
In Reply to: More independent music posted by Edward on May 03, 1999 at 12:41:36:
truly!
it's just hard 2 come up with that initial 5 grand u need 2 record and press something like that. for me, i signed to columbia when i was making $500 a month. the intial advance u get (which i think my cut of it was about 23,000) can make u faint and drool when u are young and poor. not

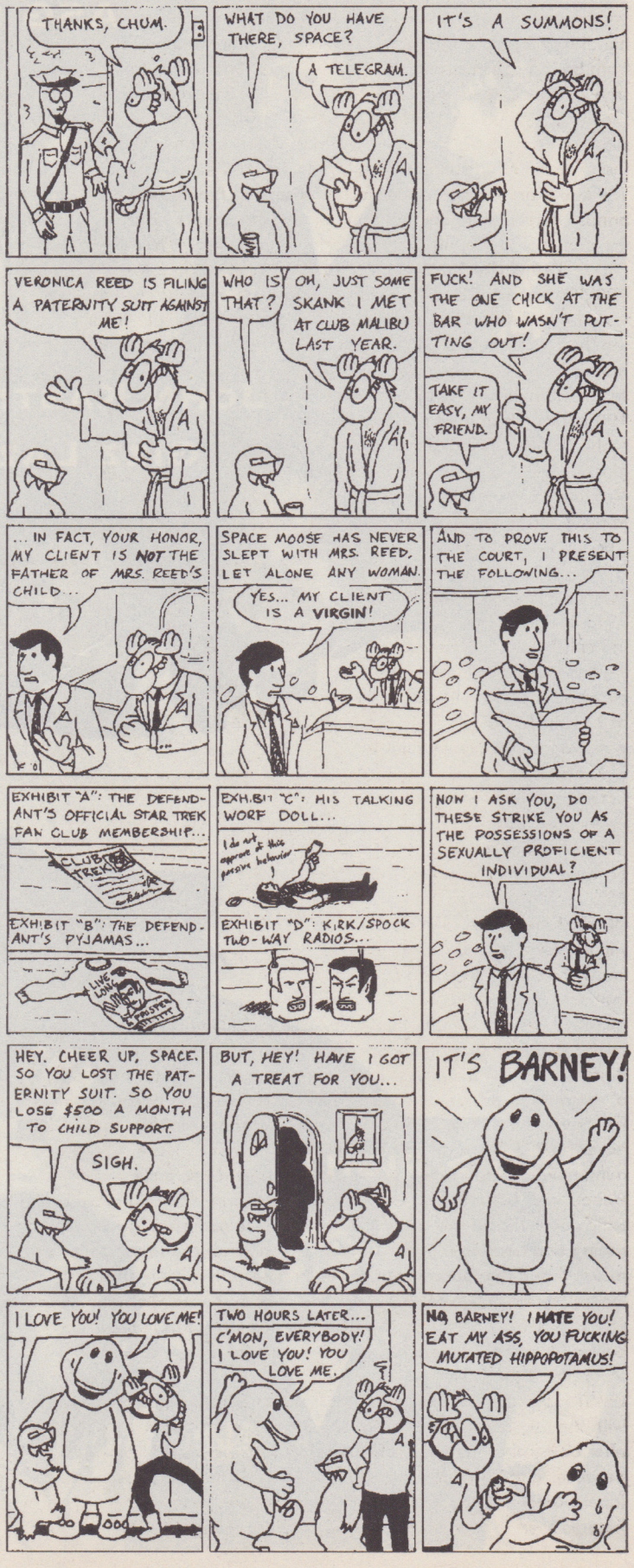
to mention that they pay for u 2 record (well, and then u have 2 pay them back!), and they take u out 2 eat sushi and pick u up in limos. u think, hey! this is great!
when you're beaten down in your retail job you'll do ANYTHING to get free of it. and it WAS a first lovely experience when i was on Columbia. i thought i had died and gone 2 heaven! the people working with me were brilliant. too bad they weren't ALLOWED 2 do anything brilliant within the framework of that business. then after the intial honeymoon period u see how it REALLY works. u read all those rock bios and see the pain that virtually every artist has gone through that was with a major..but when u started getting courted by one..u think but THIS is a different case. my label is NICE! they really CARE about bringing my artistic vision up a notch. they SAY all that stuff, but it is just a BIG LIE. sorry 2 say it...but i am that cynical now. no matter HOW gung ho and fantastic and brilliant the label APPEARS to be, i could never believe any of them any more. and there are people that DO care within the label, but they have NO POWER. there are TOO MANY fingers in the pie. too many cooks in the kitchen. democracy does NOT make good "art" , imo. when EVERYONE finally decides that the cover is ready and it has been flown overnight to both coasts ten times ten, then what u are left with is a stupid mundane album cover.
i still cannot BELIEVE that the cover of "spool forka dish" is so hideous. it just makes me angry. u can't even SEE the GORGEOUS make up job that richard sharah did on me. that photo session was fantastic! it was so detailed. it was SO EXPENSIVE! (god, and the CATERING...expensive..and i never get 2 eat ANY of it because i have so much make-up on that i'll ruin it if i eat!) and what was it reduced to? and now that i know about photoshop, it's even MORE of a crime what they did. how that person EVER got a job there, i'll NEVER know. but she was so NICE. i'll never forget how NICE she was, but she destroyed my cover. kill. anyway, i wrote about it in "ana musiq" how i stripped to come up with the 3,000 it took to record that. and the reason i put it on mp3 now is mostly because i just don't even have the 1,000 it takes to press it! but i just wanted it OUT. didn't wanna wait anymore till i had an extra thousand laying around. but thankfully, home studio are getting cheaper and cheaper and better sounding...so that is the direction to stick your 5,000 instead of giving it to a studio, imo. so when i get my next big wad-o-cash somehow someday, that's what i'll be doing :)
ana

(Edward here: I just wanted to comment that I know EXACTLY what she means about songs vs sounds. Most songwriters these days haven't got a fucking clue how to write a brilliant song, they're concentrating too hard on copying a particular sound or musical style to pay any attention to their SONGS. I review a lot of music for magazines (mostly punk, 'billy and rockband noise) and I hear very few in that field who know how to write a good song. It's disgusting. I LOVE music. I HATE much of what I hear. It makes me want to cry, but I'm supposed to be a punk rock tough guy (yeah, right!) so I can't cry! What Ana said about songs is so ABSOLUTELY RIGHT ON!!!!)

Ana may be seen daily at
<http://www.anacam.com>
a high tech art/music/webcam site that I highly recommend. —ShitEd

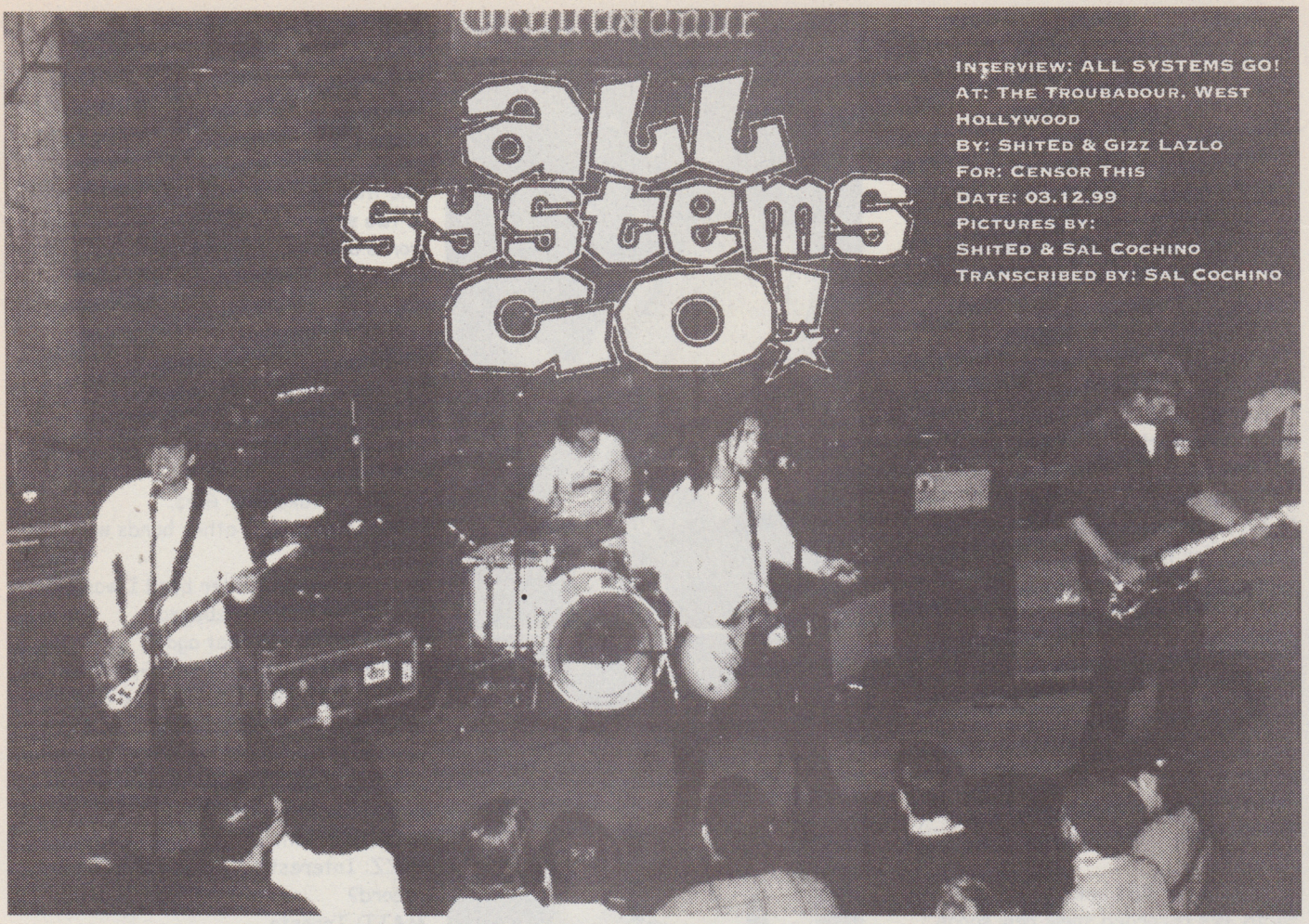
SPACE MOOSE

<www.spacemoose.com> by Adam Thrasher



What can be said about ALL SYSTEMS GO!? A whole fuckin' hell of a lot, people! The band not only consists of 'the original pop kid' himself, John Kastner. For those of you who don't know, he was the genius and brains behind such bands as Doughboys and Asexuals. I'm not even close to being finished yet. The band also shines the talents of a great-but-somehow-unknown Canadian drummer in Matt Taylor AND of course let us not forget Frank Daly and Mark Arnold both of Big Drill Car and M.I.A. fame. All Systems GO! have that poppy-punk sound Doughboys were notorious for combined with that surf-pop-punk type-thing that M.I.A. and Big Drill Car were doing waaay before a lot of today's bands wanted to sound something like them. The dangerous pop-punk rock outfit's yet-to-be picked up album, tentatively titled, "Born Ready" is, in my opinion, one of the best recordings of 1999 and it hasn't even been mastered or released. Is that sad?!?! Does that say it all? No way! I'm still just getting started. So, on a cool March evening a bunch of us from our homestead had to go check out another rockin' All Systems GO! set at the Troubadour in West Hollywood. I hadn't been that excited to see a band since 1993 when I saw Doughboys for the first time at the Palladium with the Damned. ShitEd and Gizz (from Dead Lazlo's Place) interviewed the 'Big Dough Car Boys' while at the bar of the Troubadour after their entertaining sound check. Also present during most of the interview was their manager, James MacLean (who also managed Doughboys) and myself sipping on my fine spirits. Now this is what was said by all present. Ready... Set...

All Systems GO!!



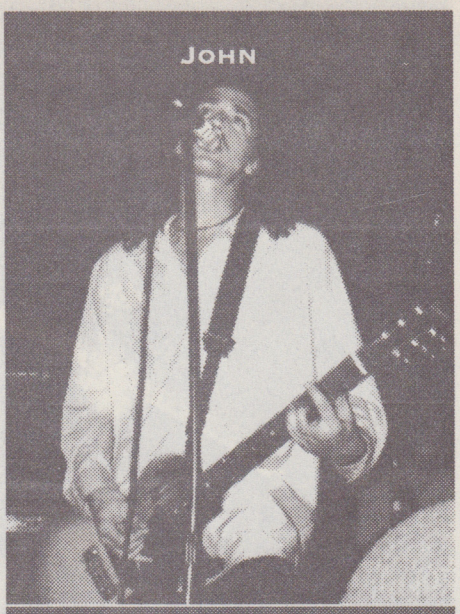
INTERVIEW: ALL SYSTEMS GO!
AT: THE TROUBADOUR, WEST HOLLYWOOD
BY: SHITED & GIZZ LAZLO
FOR: CENSOR THIS
DATE: 03.12.99
PICTURES BY:
SHITED & SAL COCHINO
TRANSCRIBED BY: SAL COCHINO

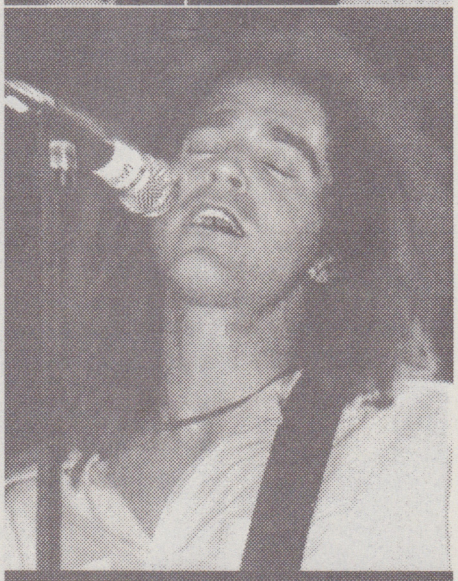
SHITED: Alright, I guess. Sound check another one. Name?
FRANK: Frank.
JOHN: John.
MARK: Mark
MATT: Matt.
SHITED: Okay now, what do you do?
MATT: I play drums in All Systems GO!
SHITED: Alright, Mark?
MARK: I play guitar.
JOHN: I play guitar and sing.
FRANK: I play bass and sing.
SHITED: Okay, what the hell...
JOHN: What's this for?
SHITED: This is for Censor This.
JOHN: Okay.
SHITED: Is this like... inevitable? The Doughboys and Big Drill Car were like good friends for a long time, right? So, was this almost inevitable?
JOHN: Well yeah. We met on the M.I.A. tour.
FRANK: So it was like even before Big Drill Car.
MARK: We met in 1987.
FRANK: I thought it was '86?
MARK: No it was '87, summer of '87 at a really strange little hall in Sumter, South Carolina. Yeah, that's where the story first originates.
JOHN: Yeah, the summer of 1987 is when it was.
MARK: And it was just like, we had always talked about it. You know like, messed around. We never even like attempted to get each other on stage, really. But it was always like, kinda...
JOHN: I don't know. We always got along and we always had a good musical common ground.
FRANK: And a mutual admiration for each other's, you know, work and stuff like that
JOHN: These guys started Big Drill Car, and we got Cain to put it out.
FRANK: That's right.
JOHN: They sent me this tape because they had this band after M.I.A. and they sent it. We had this guy Cain, who eventually ended up working at Cargo [Records]. Cain put out the first Doughboys record. So they sent it to us and we were coming on tour here. It was literally three weeks before we were in LA I told them, I said to these guys, we can get Cain to put it out, do you want to go on tour? And they were all, yeah! So three weeks later we played in LA and we toured what, about twenty-five shows back. All the way up the west coast to Vancouver all the way to Montreal. That was the first Doughboys/Big Drill Car Tour.
SHITED: So who decided to put this project together. I mean, how did it come about? How you finally did do it?
MARK: Um, just another like, matter of...
JOHN: Mark played on the last Doughboys tour when we opened for the Offspring across Canada. We did some west coast show in the states. After that me and Mark had a real fun time playing. So I think that opened things up that we wanted to play. We wanted to figure out what we wanted to do, should we start a new band or use an old name? And he was like, oh no let's start a new band. By that time I was already jamming with Matt. So Mark came up [to Canada] and then we were talking to Frank about it. Then Frank phoned us from Australia on the Warped Tour and said, I've been thinking about it dude and I'm in!
SHITED: You were working for Rocket [From The Crypt] on the Warped Tour?
FRANK: No, I was working for Reel Big

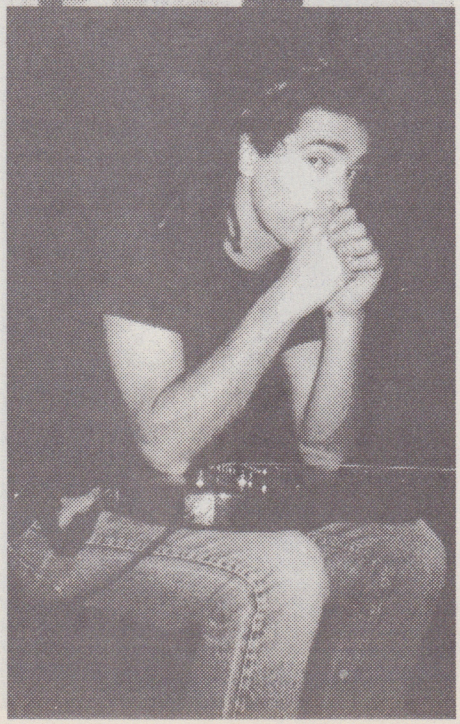
Fish.
SHITED: Reel Big Fish. Okay.
SHITED (to Mark): You were working for Rocket.
MARK: Exactly.
JOHN: And that's kinda how it all begun.
MARK: Corresponding and then actually getting the government of Ontario [Canada] to help us out a little bit.
MATT: Yeah, they helped us out a whole bunch.
ALL SYSTEMS GO: (Laughter)
JOHN: I think what happened was that me and Matt had written some songs then Mark came up. We wrote a bunch of songs with Mark and then he went home for Christmas. Then he came back up and we wrote a bunch more songs. And then Frank came up three weeks later, we jammed for two weeks and then we recorded the record.
MARK: That was the first recording session actually.
MARK & JOHN: Yeah. Yeah. (Agreeing)
MARK: We did that and then after we kinda got that together... and then we decided... well we toured after that, right?
JOHN: You guys went home and then we did the Swervedriver Eastern-Canadian tour.
MATT: We've just been going back and forth. We recorded some new songs. Doing the long distance thing.
SHITED (to Matt): How did you hook up with them?
MATT: I was a fan of all these guys. (laughing)
SHITED: Alright! Hahahaha... gotcha!
MATT: It just happened to work out.
JOHN: It's good though because people always kinda wonder what it's like, two of us being from Canada and two from LA but it's good for us. Because when we're together we get a lot of work done.
MARK: You kinda have to. So when we are together, there's thing we need do. We try to not waste very much time. But I say try not too much. (laughter)
SHITED: So there's always an urge to not be lazy because you have a limited time frames together.
MARK: Exactly. Yeah.
FRANK: You kinda can't take your time when you're at it together. It's more of a main factor. You'd better practice. Better go back there and work on this or whatever.
GIZZ: So is this a project or is this the new band?
JOHN: Yeah, it's the new band. I mean...

GIZZ: Is this a side project?
FRANK: Well, like it seems to be like... to be like a real band... like it's gotta be like The Partridge Family or something. Or where you all gotta live in the same house like The Monkees or something like that. We can be a band and still live in two separate cities. Everyone kinda works or other things on the side when we're not all together. When we get together, we're a band and we have songs and stuff like that.
SHITED: I think what Gizz was asking is: hopefully we can get at least four or five albums outta you guys. (Laughter)
FRANK: We'll see.
MATT: Yeah, we'll see.
SHITED: Take over Gizz.
GIZZ: Matt, what other bands were you in?
MATT: The only other band I was ever in was a band called Hebeged.
GIZZ: What was that again?
MATT: Hebeged. H-E-B-E-G-E-D. Other than that, I just played with a bunch of other bands. Just recorded with them and stuff. I started playing with John a few years ago. I hadn't even played in two or three years. Then John called me up and we went from there.
GIZZ: Interesting. Where did you guys record?
MATT: Toronto.
MARK: Yeah we recorded it in Toronto at a place called Signal to Noise. It's a great studio.
JOHN: Daniel Rey produced it. Then Mark flew up to Vancouver and mixed it with Dave Ogilvie at the Warehouse. Bryan Adams' studio.
MARK: Very nice studio.
GIZZ: How long ago did you guys record it?
JOHN: Last March.
MATT: Then again in August. We did part two in August.
(at this point in the interview ShitEd goes to the bartender and asks her to turn the volume down on the TV that's playing some stupid-ass MTV soaked filler crap. Then the interview continued with...)
SHITED: Thank you.
GIZZ: I wanted to ask you John, I read somewhere that A&M [Records] were planning on releasing a Doughboys greatest hits thing...
JOHN: Yeah.
GIZZ: Is that still gonna happen?
JOHN: Yeah but I guess it's gonna be on Universal [Records] now. But I don't

know what's going on with it. I don't even care anymore. It's ancient history to me. There is a greatest hits and it's supposed to come out. It's called "That Was Then And This Is Them". But I don't give a shit.
FRANK: What about the purist, man? What are we to do?
GIZZ: Yeah, totally man! Look at me, I've got everything except...
MATT: You've got it all anyway, right?
JOHN: It's in the past. There's actually eight new songs on it.
FRANK: Really? Like out takes and things?
JOHN: Yeah.
FRANK: See, I didn't even know. That was a good question Gizz. Chalk another one up for Gizz.
GIZZ (to John... still): I also read that you were doing music for movies and stuff?
JOHN: Yeah, I produce scores for films.
GIZZ: What was it, Universal Soldier?
JOHN: Yeah I did the last two Universal Soldiers films. It was alright.
GIZZ: Two and three? Was it fun?
JOHN: Yeah, it was great because it paid for us to make a record. (laughter)
MARK: It afforded some time to use it in our own ways and not...
JOHN: It gave us money and freedom to make our own record and not really have to rely on anybody else. Which what it was good for. I still do it. I kinda what I do to make money.
MARK: It's kinda good too, because it's [our] first record. You kinda just want to go into the studio and have the freedom to do that because it is [our] first time in there. There's no boundaries. That's what I really like about being in this band now. There's no pressure anymore. It's like we're the underdogs again. It's us against the world. It's not like before, in the other previous bands we were in, there was this preconceived notion of what was going to go on. And now it's like...
FRANK: You're always worried about running into the guy [that says], yeah your two first records were cool but the third one really sucked man! What happened to you guys, you know? It's like - New band. New record. Either it sucks or it doesn't.
EVERYONE AT THE TABLE: Hahahahahaha... (Rolling with laughter)
GIZZ: How was the Lagwagon tour for you guys?
MARK: Awesome.





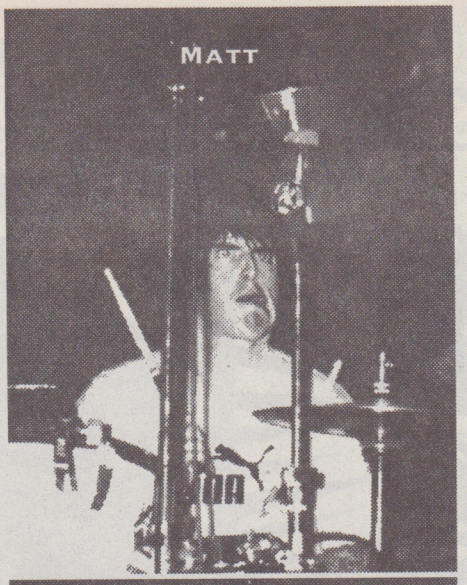


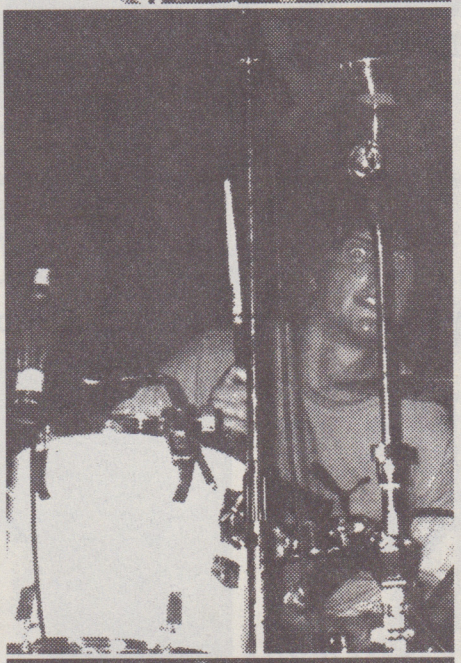
FRANK: Oh it was great.
GIZZ: How long were you on tour with them?
MARK: We did six shows?
FRANK: Yeah.
GIZZ: Was that your first tour?
JOHN: Well, we did a little Swervedriver tour in Canada last summer. So this kinda like our first real tour down here. A little tour in December too.
MARK: Yeah, we did a handful of shows. You know, periodically here and there. Most of them were in Costa Mesa [California]. Two of them. Haha. But it was alright. We kinda got our feet wet and made us want to do this. It helped us to really get all the... Cause we have to borrow equipment on each side of the coast. Like wherever we're at, we kinda like piece it together.
FRANK: Yeah, you seriously call on your reserve system and totally call out some favors.
MARK: Totally. But we've pretty much got it down now though.
FRANK: Yeah, it's okay.
JOHN: We've got gear here and gear in Canada.
MARK: Yeah, that'll work out.
FRANK: It's easier.
MARK: It's a lot easier. It really is.
(Mark bumps table with his knee)
MARK: Sorry about that.
FRANK: Tremors. Tremor at 8:30 p.m. on the 13th. Record that! (Laughter)
SHITED: Mark, is it frustrating to be doing sound for Rocket and not being able to get up and play yourself?
MARK: At first it wasn't because I really like the band. I think they're a great band. John's a great songwriter and I was totally into what they were doing. But yeah, after a while I started missing it. I guess it's the certain amount of payoff you get. Like when you play, you get a little more out of it after you're done, it seems like. And that was kinda missing when I was doing sound. I'd kinda get done and I was kinda still, you know, up about it. But I wasn't because I was playing. It was just kinda weird. I missed playing guitar actually. That's why I really started playing again. Because I really missed playing guitar. Right before I got on that Rocket tour I did a tour with the ADZ and then that was like outta the blue. It was just like I got a phone call from Kirk and I went and did it. And then that kinda stirred me into wanting to start playing again. After doing a four week tour and playing every day, I start-

ed like, you know, kinda getting your chops back together and wanting to play. Then I went out on tour with Rocket. I kinda wanted to do it. It's a different kinda thing, going to the other side. Being a crew guy. That's what we call it. The other side.
GIZZ: The dark side...
SHITED: I would think it would bother you?
MARK: At first because Rocket is such like a family oriented group too. They make you feel really at home. They all grew up together and with that band, it was really a different kind of band to tour with. It was pretty cool. I miss them.
FRANK: If you go out there with the mind set that you're there to work and don't confuse the two. You're not the center of attention. You're the guy basically that if you're noticed, you're not doing a good job. You know what I mean?
SHITED & GIZZ: (Laughing)
FRANK: If you just work on the "C" list then you're doing a good job. And if you go in there with that understanding then there isn't any... You don't feel threatened or slighted or like, that should be me man! You know? Hey I'm just a worker. What do want?
SHITED: Yeah.
GIZZ: What do you think about ska?
FRANK: I like it.
JOHN: Lump it.
MARK: I think it's running its own course. Personally, I loved the old, traditional ska stuff...
MATT: There's good and bad in everything. There's good ska and there's bad ska.
FRANK: I worked for Reel Big Fish for about a year and I just like the fact that everybody is happy. It's not some heavy trip. Like the kids don't go to shows expecting, you know, I'd better watch out, I might get beat up. They're going there and they're wearing their Hawaiian shirts and doing their dance. Everyone's having a great time and everyone's smiling. That's good!
SHITED: It's such a turn-around from some of the old ska shows I remember from the 80's. HAHAHA!!
FRANK: Exactly! It was just a different deal. We'll just say that. Now, its a... happy thing.
GIZZ: How long have you been doing music, individually?
MARK: I started jamming with Frank off and on for fourteen years maybe.

GIZZ: Did you start in your first band together?
MARK: When I first met Frank, he was maybe sixteen and I was like twenty-three or something. Yeah, it was really strange. Then outta the blue we were at a music store looking through records at the same time and that was when I finally asked Frank to get together to actually jam. That band was called Raw Material and then Frank quit and joined M.I.A. and then Frank got me in M.I.A. and that's how... we figured out how to tour...
SHITED: Notice how he started his career later. He's not mentioning anything called No Crisis. (everyone begins laughing)
MARK: No, I started in a different spot.
FRANK: Don't forget The Veins.
MARK: Well no, we started out with Frank. You asked 'us' about playing together.
SHITED: Okay.
MARK: So I just started there... Kirk Mosher, I give you recognition. He's a good friend of ours. He got me going in No Crisis.
SHITED: Okay, Mark when did you get your first guitar?
MARK: Um, when I eighteen I owned my first. But my sister had an acoustic guitar and an electric guitar. I just started playing it sitting around the house. Everyone in my family played an instrument. My older sister played violin. My mom plays piano. So there was always instruments laying around and things to do. At first I wanted to play drums. But I found out that it was expensive for drums stuff and it was kinda hard on the parents, so guitar was a little easier. That's basically it.
SHITED: John, when did you get your first guitar?
JOHN: I got my first guitar when I was nine.
SHITED: Whoa, that early. Cool.
JOHN: I played in a little band when I was in grade four or grade five. We did Beatles songs. Then I discovered KISS.
GIZZ: Hey HEy HEY!!! (claps with enthusiasm while ShitEd rolls his eyes in pain)
JOHN: Then it was all over. (laughter all around)
SHITED: Okay, what about you Frank?
FRANK: My brother gave me my first bass when I was fourteen. I started playing bass then.
SHITED: But you learned to play drums before that, right?

FRANK: Exactly. Before that I would kinda mess around on the drums and stuff. I always wanted to play trombone but I never got one. Hahaha.
SHITED: I hear swing's real big.
GIZZ: What newer bands are you into these days?
MARK: All kinds of stuff. Let's see, I like Swervedriver. I like them a lot. I like Massive Attack lately. I like a lot of their stuff. I still like all the traditional stuff, like recently I just got this new CD with this band Refused from Sweden. A really great little band. I like The Hellecopters new CD. I like a little bit of everything really. I like all kinds of stuff, but if has a little bit of balls to it, I'll kinds like it a bit more. You never know, there's different times of day that things... I like this new Sloan record, the band we're playing with tonight. "Navy Blue" is a great record.
GIZZ: How about you John?
JOHN: Who do I listen to? I don't know? I listen to...
FRANK: Jeff Buckley.
JOHN: ...Swervedriver...
MARK: Jeff Buckley.
JOHN: ...Elliott Smith.
MARK: What's... Ben Lee? That's one of the...
JOHN: Ben Lee. I really like Ben Lee.
MARK: I'm thinking about his...
GIZZ: ...CD collection.
MARK: Yeah.
SHITED: How about his dad? You ever get into Tim Buckley?
JOHN: Oh no. I never really got into Tim Buckley but I bet I would like it now.
MARK: I've only heard a couple of songs from his.
SHITED: I own everything!
MARK: Damn!
JOHN: Of Tim Buckley's?
SHITED: Yes, on vinyl.
JOHN: Nice.
(their manager, James comes in and joins us)
MARK (to James): Do we have our guest list in?
SHITED: Matt, what was your first musical instrument?
MATT: Drums. In grade seven you had to take an musical instrument where I went to school, so they made me play drums. (laughter) Just like these guys make me play drums. (more laughter)
SHITED: Okay.
FRANK: Taw - Taw - Tee Tee - Taw.
GIZZ: What do you listen to Matt?
MATT: I pretty much exclusively listen





to drum and bass and Hip-Hop and things like that. I listen to some guitar rock.
GIZZ: Really?
MATT: But not a whole hell of a lot. Like Mickey Finn Aphrodite Groove Rider. All this like drum and bass stuff from England pretty much. The stuff the kids are into I'm into.
(A lot of things were said about Hip-Hop and drum-bass music. Every one was talking at the same time amongst themselves. I have no idea what they said and/or what they meant)
GIZZ (to ShitEd): I just asked the last one. It's your turn.
SHITED (to Gizz): No, no. You go.
GIZZ (to ShitEd): Age before beauty.
ALL SYSTEMS GO: HAHAHAHAhahahaha!!!!
SHITED: He picks on me because I'm old.
JOHN: Oh come on. You're only as old as you think you are!
SHITED: You're never old until people start telling you you're old!
FRANK: Till kids start calling you, Sir. Sir? Sir?
SHITED: You're getting that too?
FRANK: Yeah, every now and again.
SHITED: That sucks!
GIZZ: Okay, here's my last question. Who came up with the name All Systems GO!?
MATT: Rocket From The Crypt.
FRANK: Hahahaha. (begins to laugh hysterically)
MATT: From an ad for a radio store in Toronto.
MARK: Yeah, we saw it in an ad radio store in the paper in Toronto. It said All Systems Go like all over the ad.
MATT: And we needed a name bad.
MARK: What better way to get free press.
MATT: Everyone thought it was us.
FRANK: People were all, where you getting all the dough? Yeah man, we pulled some strings.
SHITED: So you do have two recordings?
JOHN: An album done and we another six songs that we don't know what to do with yet.
FRANK: The basement tapes.
MARK: Actually, seven songs.
GIZZ: Is that it? Any final comments?
MARK: Where can you buy good french fries around here? Buy our record! Please!
When it comes out.
SHITED: Have they opened the bar yet?

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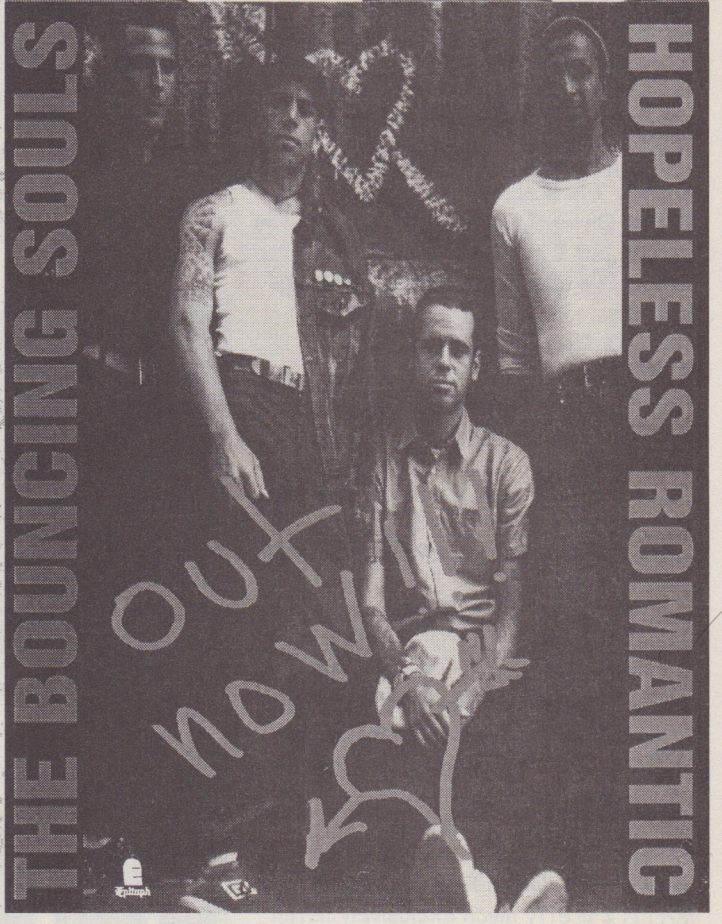

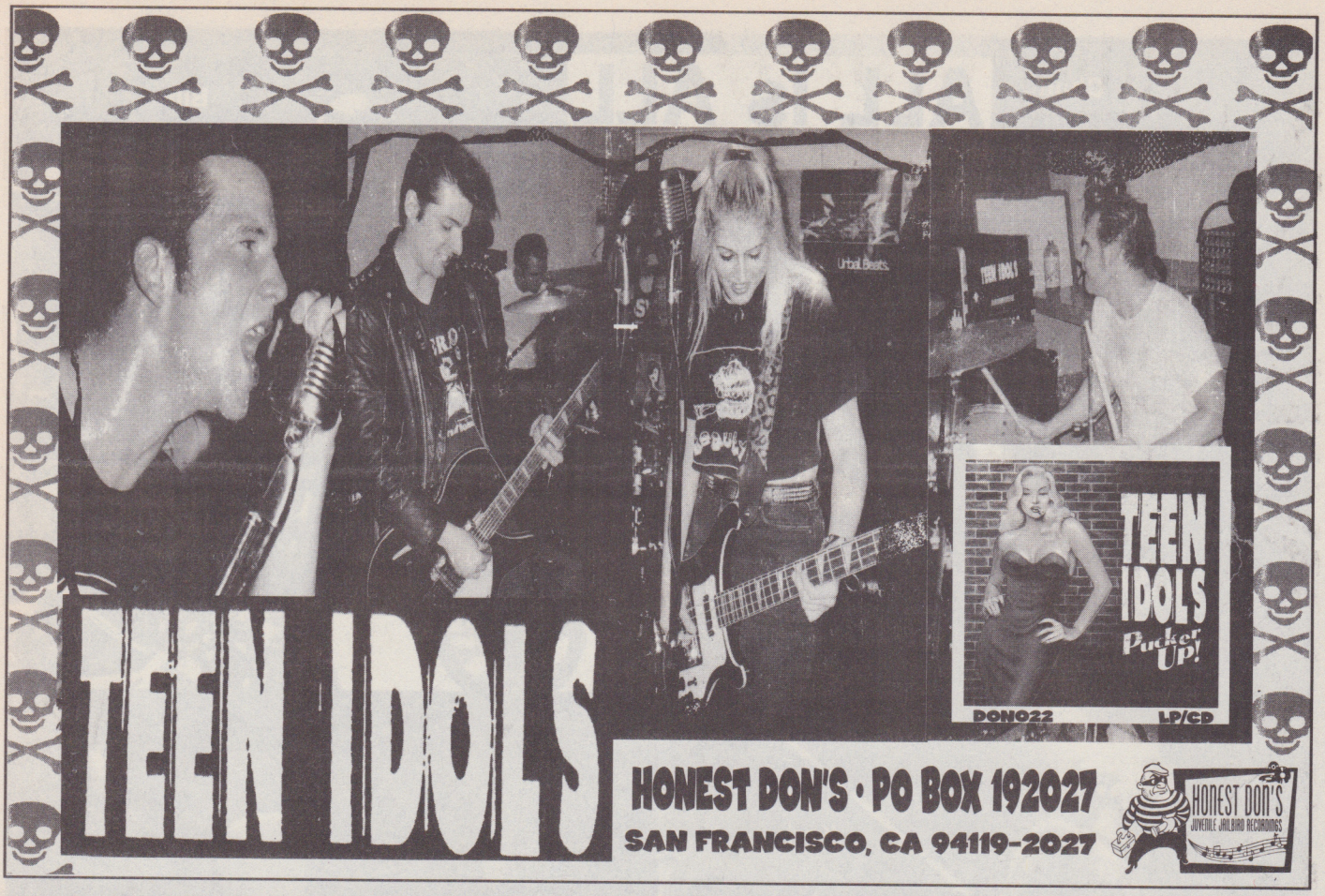

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PULLEY	LESS THAN JAKE
RANCID	YOUTH BRIGADE
FURY 66	TRIGGER HAPPY
SPREAD	FIZZY BANGERS
MISFITS	THE OFFSPRING
SAMIAM	TEN FOOT POLE
DOGPISS	THE CRIMINALS
VANDALS	DOWN BY LAW
BRACKET	GUTTERMOUTH
BLINK 182	NO FUN AT ALL
DWARVES	CAUSTIC SODA
7 SECONDS	NO MEANS NO
THE MUFFS	DESCENDENTS
BUCK WILD	BAD RELIGION
CONSUMED	SICK OF IT ALL
AEROBITCH	HI-STANDARD
TEEN IDOLS	SUBHUMANS
LAGWAGON	STRUNG OUT
ENEMY YOU	POISON IDEA
DILLINGER 4	LUNACHICKS
THE QUEERS	PENNYWISE
BLACK FLAG	KILLSWITCH
WHITE FLAG	DIESEL BOY
CITIZEN FISH	LIVING END
NERFHERDER	CHIXDIGGIT
THE DAMNED	GREEN DAY
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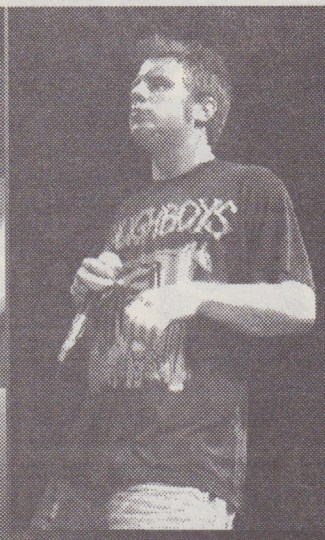
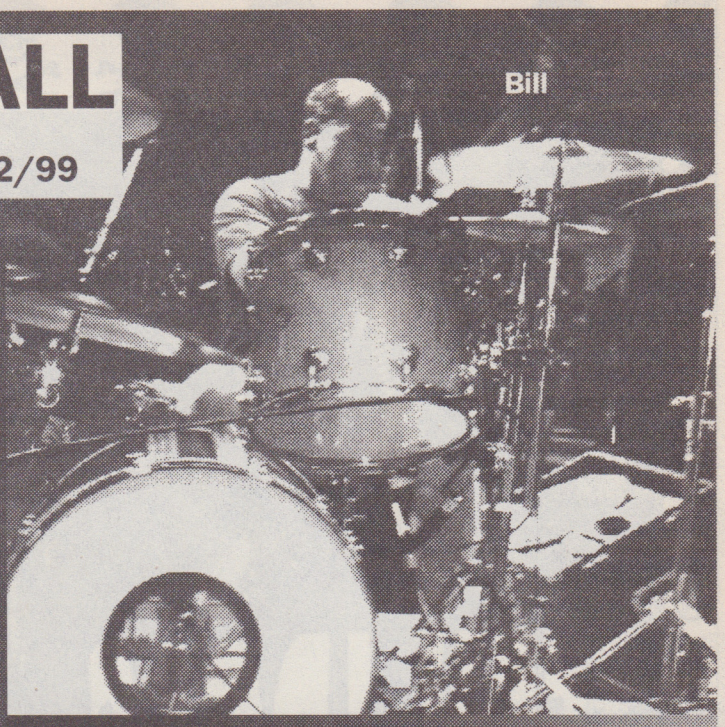
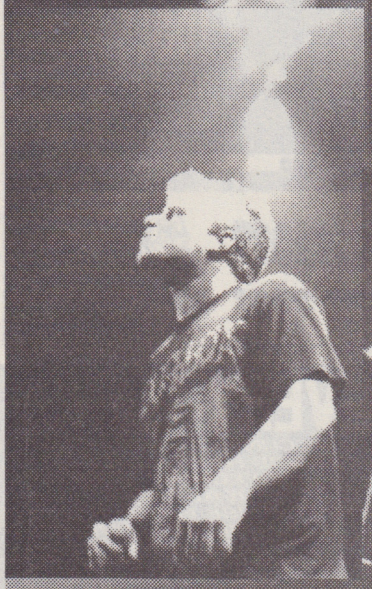
ALL is ALL

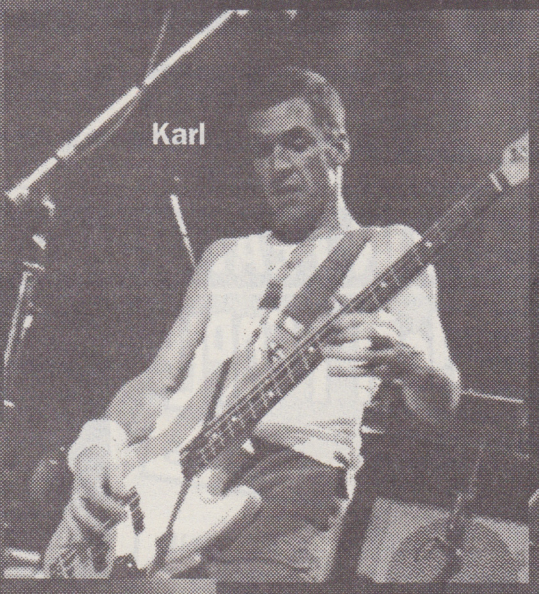
ALL @ Palace 3/2/99

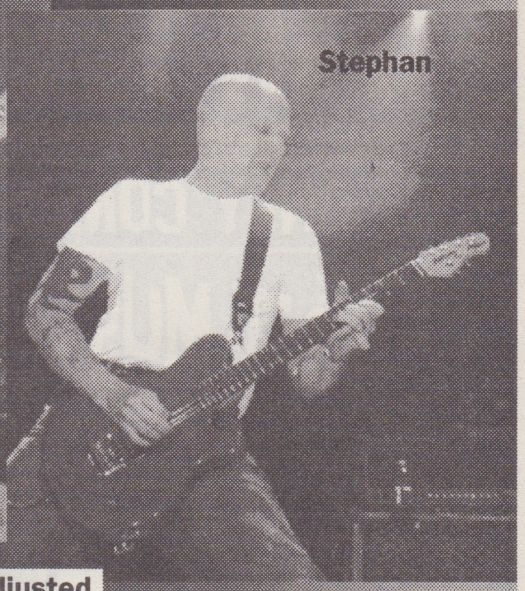
Chad

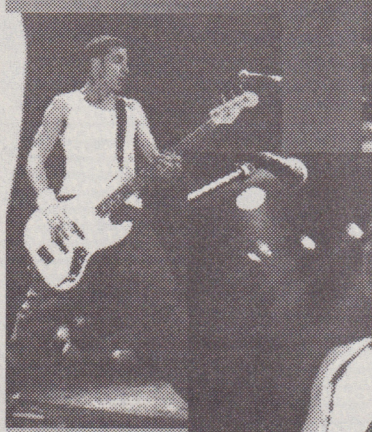


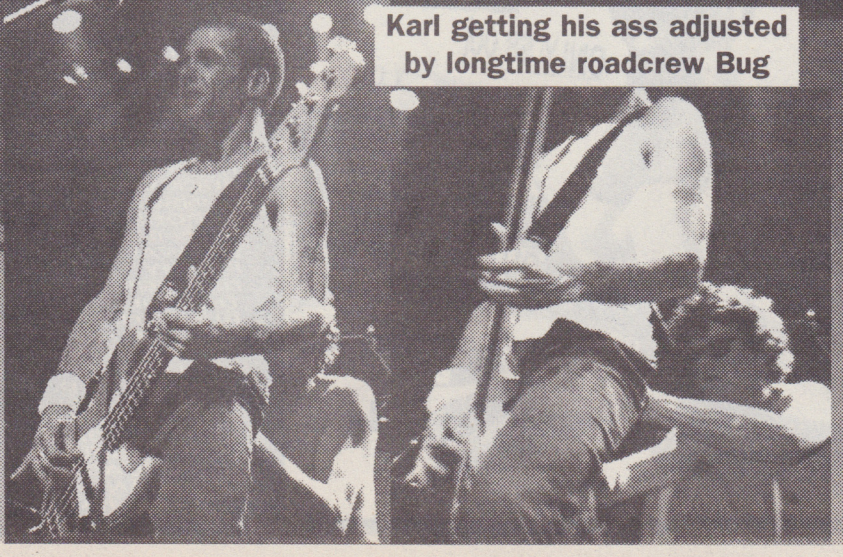

Bill




Karl


Stephan





Karl getting his ass adjusted by longtime roadcrew Bug

Flipside's Holly Jo taking pictures at the show

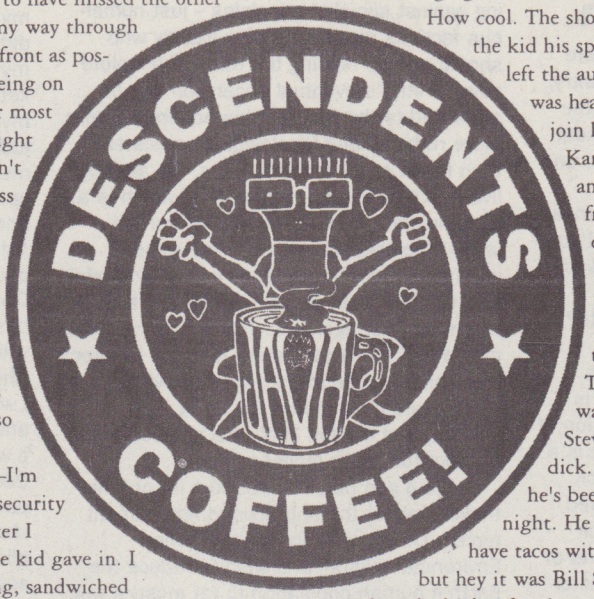
ALL Rundown :

ALL @ The Huntridge Theatre, Las Vegas 3-27-99

First off, let me say that due to poor communication skills on behalf of my pseudo-roommate, I unfortunately wasn't able to do an actual sit-down interview with the band. So instead, here's my rundown of the entire evening.

Huntridge Theatre 9:30 PM

As soon as Frenzal Romb left the stage I began making my way down onto the floor. I was fortunate enough to have missed the other three(?!) opening bands. Anyway, I pushed my way through the sea of 14-year-olds to get as close to the front as possible for ALL. I was one person away from being on the barrier in front of the stage—not bad for most shows—but this was ALL, and I had to be right up front. The problem was that this kid didn't want to move. See, he was there to watch Less Than Jake (I heard him tell someone that he didn't even know who ALL was!) and he didn't want to lose his spot. Understandable. What was this old (in comparison) punk rocker to do? After weighing my options, I decided to rely on the old tried and true. I bribed him. Besides promising him his spot back after ALL, I also offered to buy him a beer. But that wasn't enough. I pleaded. I begged (yeah, I know—I'm pathetic). Finally, after consulting with the security guard and surrounding concertgoers (and after I showed him my ALLROY SAVES tattoo) the kid gave in. I claimed my spot—crushed against the railing, sandwiched between two young girls with big boobs, awaiting ALL.



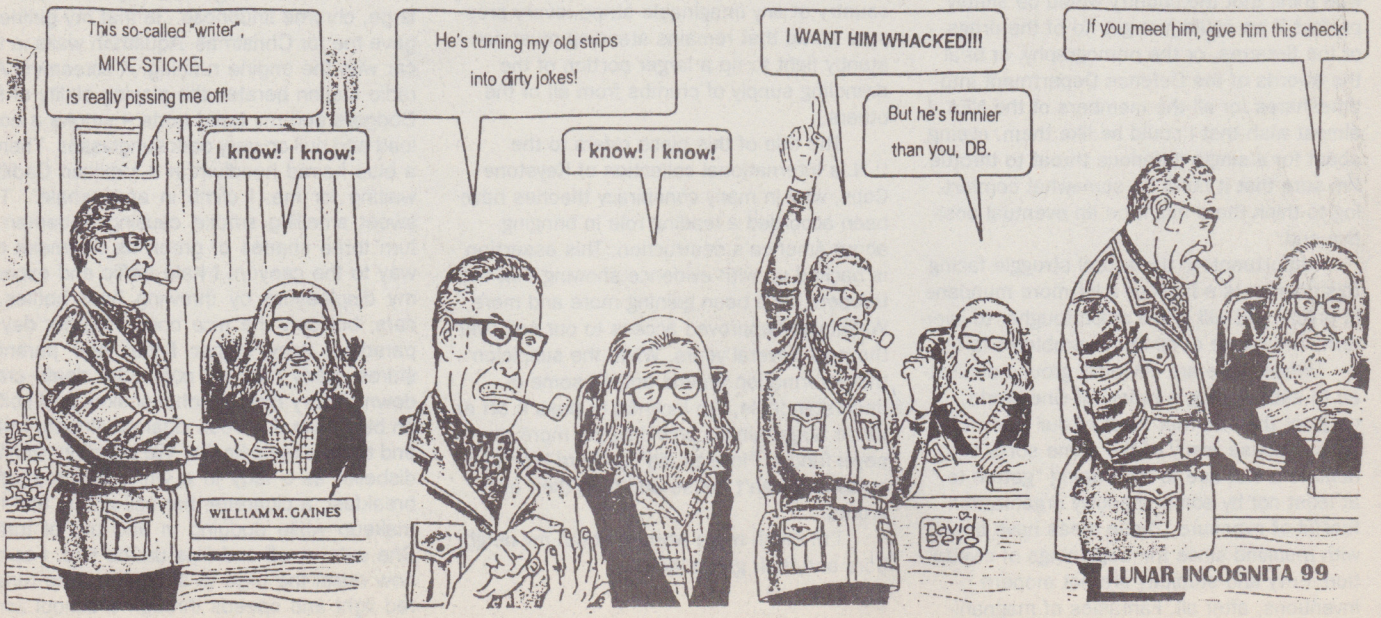
10:00 PM ALL takes the stage.

In true ALL fashion, the band didn't even say "hello" to the crowd before tearing into Fairweather Friend, the second song from Mass Nerder. Their as-always high energy set included most of the latest album, plus old favorites like Scary Sad and Educated Idiot. Personal highlights included Fool (a song both ALL and Descendents do live), Dot, and Original Me—not to mention the mind blowing updated versions of Descendents classics I Wanna Be A Bear and I Don't Wanna Grow Up. They even managed to catch a speaker on fire during Skin Deep. And even though just a select few of the 1200+ crowd were even interested in ALL, the boys played like it was the most important show of their lives. What can I say...they NEVER disappoint.

As usual, I sang (screamed?) along with every song... I was literally the only guy in the crowd singing. During I Don't Wanna Grow Up, Chad actually threw me the microphone and let me sing the entire second verse. Definitely a high point in my usually mundane Vegas life. They closed out the set with Romantic Junkie, and as they were leaving the stage I asked Chad for a set list. He obliged. Later in the evening, at someone else's urging, Chad would sign my set list: "Fuck Off. Chad Price." How cool. The show was over, so it was time to retreat. I gave the kid his spot back (but didn't buy him his beer) and left the auditorium. In the lobby I found Karl. He was heading out to have a smoke and asked me to join him. I spent close to an hour chatting with Karl about the importance of the bands Snuff and Leatherface, our tendencies to piss off friends by playing the same CD over and over for weeks at a time, the politics of frat boys, and his recipe for holding on to his adolescence ("...sit around the house, play my guitar, and smoke really bad pot."). By the time we had finished chatting, Less Than Jake had finished their set and security was kicking everyone out. I ran into Bill Stevenson outside. I used to think he was a dick... every time I've ever tried to talk to him he's been mean. But he was in rare form that night. He invited myself and some random kid to go have tacos with him. I remember I wasn't really hungry, but hey it was Bill Stevenson. He bought us our tacos, and we sat and cracked jokes for close to an hour. I have a completely different opinion of Bill now, so for all the shit I talked... I'm sorry. He informed me that Descendents and ALL will both be back in the studio within a couple of months, after ALL finishes a short tour with Lagwagon. Back at the venue, as I bid a fond farewell to Bill, I noticed Chad stepping off of Less Than Jake's tour bus. I shook his hand and to thank him for such a great performance, and headed home. Quite an interesting evening—but then again, it's always an interesting evening with those guys.

Ryan Kinder

The Lighter Side of COPYRIGHT VIOLATION



Blue Helmets and an Unpleasant Truth

There are still a lot of people who are sickened by the deterioration of our country, and a handful (who apparently retain some faith in their fellow man) are on the lookout for outside forces which can be targeted and brought down, specific enemies whose defeat would go very far in bringing America back to its founding principles of limited government and individual liberty. You know, conspiracy nuts.

Didja ever see They Might Be Giants? It's a 1971 movie with George C. Scott, Joanne Woodward, and a cast of dozens. While not a great flick by any means, it is worth catching for its detailed examination of the Moriarty Complex. Scott's character is a nutball ex-judge who thinks he's Sherlock Holmes, and Woodward is a shrink named Watson. The pair spend much of the flick skedaddling about the scummier sections of their town, encountering sad-sack character actors whose various grubby little tales of woe Scott ominously deduces are evidence of the diabolical machinations of his arch-nemesis. The obvious irony of the film is that the fake Holmes usually comes off as the sanest one of the bunch, because he has both focus and a purpose.

I used to make fun of folks who twittered on endlessly about the Trilateral Commission or the Illuminati. Now I just try to steer the conversation back to the original point, or smile wryly and walk away. I no longer find them any crazier than the people who think that the country would be simply perfect if we could just get rid of the drugs, or the firearms, or the pornography, or beat the swords of the Defense Department into timeshares for all the members of the NEA. I almost wish that I could be like them, eyeing about for a single nefarious throat to throttle. I'm sure that it must be somewhat comforting to think there might be an eventual positive end.

Unfortunately, the actual struggle facing this country is a heck of a lot more mundane in origin, and will prove much tougher to overturn. The cause of all of our problems is us.

While there are certainly groups dedicated to establishing a variety of One World utopias, the fact that most of our fellow citizens espouse many of the same sorts of notions is not due to their being "gotten to," at least not by some shadowy organization fearful of exposure. These ideas have been with mankind since the beginnings of civilization. Envy and stupidity are not modern inventions, after all. Fantasies of magnanimous charity and sweet revenge are not dangerous in themselves, but when our elected representatives rush to obey the clamor, the inevitable outcome will be a bloodbath. Since everyone has different tastes, once all those "well, if we only did this and this"-es are added up, there ain't gonna be one hell of a lot of wiggle room left.

We are now living through the same sorts of conditions as pre-Nazi Germany, where for decades there were no voices arguing against socialist principles – just numerous factions squabbling over exactly who should end up holding the reins of absolute power. Hitler's eventual ascension can be attributed to the fact that his adherents were more ruthless and ideologically consistent than those of all his opponents. We already live in a police state, the mark of which is a mind-numbing number of vaguely-worded laws, which permit anyone to be killed, imprisoned, or impoverished (via asset forfeiture or legal fees) for anything at any time by any number of agencies. The only thing our nation lacks is a consistent ideology to direct the mailed fist so lovingly crafted over so many years by those on the Right, Left, Top, Bottom, and Center. That final goodie shouldn't take too much longer to evolve.

I'm a gun nut, so I spend a lot of time thinking about the anti-Second Amendment forces. Do you reckon that the "Deep Environmentalists" who wish to reduce the Earth's human population to (at most) a few tens of millions will ever be able to come to some sort of peaceful accord with the Welfare Statists who insist upon rewarding repeat public-assistance breeders? They may present a united front while clamoring for the destruction of the "rights" that some of us still consistently value, but they will fall on each other like crazed stoats once their handful of shared goals have been achieved.

In a nation with a properly-conceived government, the rights of free citizens will not come in conflict with the tightly-delineated, minimal duties of the State. In a socialist country of any imaginable stripe, every pressure group that remains standing must constantly fight to rip a larger portion of the dwindling supply of crumbs from all of the others.

The title of this piece refers to the U.N.'s international collection of Keystone Cops, who in many conspiracy theories have been accorded a leading role in bringing about America's destruction. This assertion is backed up with evidence showing that the troopers have been gaining more and more Washington-approved access to our soil over the past several years. While the suspicion that information breeds among some is understandable, I'm inclined to pass it off as Uncle Sugar simply providing yet more taxpayer-funded "foreign aid" to Third World hellholes that can't house and feed their own grunts.

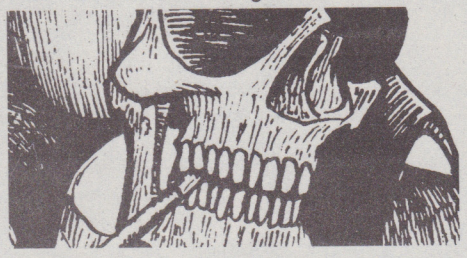
I'm much more worried about my neighbors and their grand ideas.

MONDAY BLUES

By Lucky MacFarlan

Daylight broke loud and unexpected. Snuck up on me like a mugger with a crowbar. The radio screamed on and woke me from a deep dead sleep. "Fuck!" My head was fuzzy, my stomach churned, my tongue felt like a dirty ashtray. I crawled. From the mess that is my bed I crawled. The twisted mass of blankets and sheets and pillows wrapped around my ankles and wrists, pulling. Bullshit and attitude from the radio. "Be hip and buy" How much sleep didn't I get last nite? From my space on the floor my crawl became a stumble and I attempted to tiptoe through the canines. 1st dog curled at my door. One hundred pounds of fur and slobber and sweetness. Door opens, dog wakes, eyes open, little nub of a tail wagging. I make my way down the hall with quiet footsteps. Two Rotts and cat killer Sheba follow. It is morning, they want to play, I want to sleep. I exile them into the backyard and drag into the kitchen where the remains of a week's worth of fast food leftovers greet me. Beer cans and burger wrappers and a frying pan half filled with hardened foodstuffs. It is a shrine to drunken temptation and lazy discipline. My stomach growls. Dehydrated, I search for liquid in the fridge. I drink a half quart of H_20, two Pepsis, and half a beer. My tongue is swollen and raw. I cough and exhale smoke. It is 7:00 am and the quiet calm of morning is interrupted by loud retching sounds. It is Aquaman and he is throwing up. The tiles, porcelain, and high-gloss paint of the bathroom amplify the sounds making them reverberate. I smoke a cigarette and wait. The need to cleanse my body is strong. I clean the filth from my body, shave my tongue, and dress for combat. I feel sick and hateful and it shows. I feel sorry for the world, curse my own stupidity and grab my keys, my wallet, a handful of whatever drugs are available. and the large, chrome snubnose .38 that my girlfriend gave me for Christmas. Aquaman waits in the car with the engine running. A screaming AM radio station berates the playing ability of the Dodgers and my head hurts. I smoke a bong load and pull on very dark sunglasses. There's a blue haired hoodlum in a Mexican Cadillac waiting for me. I climb in and exhale. The sweet smelling smoke causing Aquaman to turn three shades of green as we make our way to the canyon. I hate traffic and express my displeasure by throwing beer bottles at cars, but only the nice ones. Another day in paradise, itchy trigger finger and paranoid stares. Early morning commuter death crawl down Victory Blvd. Alcohol shakes spill coffee on bluejeans. Nervous cigarette fingers twitch and twiddle radio knobs. We watch in horrified disbelief as a lady in a white Lexus juggles breakfast, a cigarette, her cell phone and her makeup while dodging in and out of traffic. She cuts us off and flips us the bird. I somehow resist the urge to shoot her. She runs a red light and speeds through a school zone.

We follow, waiting. She speeds through another intersection narrowly missing an old wino and his mangy dog crossing with a shopping cart full of crap. I grip my little chrome friend tightly. Point, aim, and fire, taking out the back window of the demon Lexus. The bitch pauses and looks up from her cell phone. She drives on oblivious. Aquaman and I laugh then turn down Kester. Upon entering the Barrio I spark a splif. Nothing to worry about here. It's early and the lowlifes are sleeping. Traffic is light and the cops have bigger worries than me and Aquaman. He cracks a beer and bitches about my pot smoke. His window is broken and won't roll down. He turns a shade greener as we leave the barrio for white people land: Sherman Oaks. Punchy yuppies in landcruisers sippin' Starbucks $5.00 cups of coffee. The stupid mooks will buy anything. See it on TV enough, read about it in a magazine. Hell, all the cool people are doing it. The emperor has no clothes, a hardon and he drives a Range Rover. We hit the hills running full steam. Flying through the tight winding streets to avoid traffic. Knocking over those big, green trash cans that the city gives people and watching garbage pile over neatly manicured lawns. In our haste, we sideswipe a BMW. Metal on metal. The crunch of breaking glass. Slow motion laughter. Me and Aquaman high-fivin' through the hills. Near misses of dogs and old people. Large-assed suburbanite mom types jog in packs. Discarded feral dogs with too much time on their hands. Their large thighs sweat through spandex bike shorts. They jiggle and giggle and talk about the children who have left them lonely and wanting while their husbands drive sports cars to work and fuck their secretaries. I'd give each of them a bullet to settle the score but I'm running low and the day is still young. I smoke a cigarette and down two beers in quick succession leaving the empties in the streets like a breadcrumb trail. We hit the canyon and with it traffic. I get out and piss on a tree. My superhero friend and his Mexican cadillac wait in traffic. I walk and catch up to them. They have only moved 100 feet and are stopped. Conversations about nothing. Small talk over AM radio noise. Stupidity surrounds us honking and talking shop on cell phones. Some dickhead who is too busy to wait tries to weasel his way to the front of the line. We've been watching him for ten minutes



driving in the emergency lane and now as the road bottlenecks we have no choice but to yield. "Fucking ass eating shit dick!" yells Aquaman, obviously perturbed. Aquaman goes from green to red. He sits stewing in his own juices, waiting. Green light, the line of cars inches forward. Red light, the line stops. All the while dickboy inches closer to the intersection of Mulholland and Benedict Cyn. Green light, red light, etc... until shitdick is first in line to go when the light changes. Aquaman makes his move. Mex-Cad door opens and superhero springs into action. He reaches assman's car and dumps the contents of the Aqua-mobiles ashtray right on the talking head of shitboy. He then reaches in with his left hand (being a lefty) and takes shitboy's cell phone. Then, with the other hand, bitch-slaps him. Dumbfuck just stares back. A look of 'how dare you touch me' on his fat assed smug-boy face. The cars behind him honk, clap, and wave their approval. Aquaman is high-fived by some Mexican gardeners and a fat receptionist type in a beat to shit Toyota. So far the score is Superhero: 1, Asshole: 0. We drive on into Beverly Hills laughing and making long distance calls on the newly acquired cell phone. We hit Wilshire and hand the phone to a bum on the corner. We drive on into the upper-class ghetto of Beverly Hills. The city of Beverly Hills can suck my proverbial dick. No class, no charm, and not a decent Mexican restaurant for miles. How un-fucking-civilized. To top it off, no one can drive to save their lives. Notice that you never see any of the mooks on BH90210 ever driving. I swear driving down Wilshire Blvd. is like getting fucked in the ass by a broken glass porcupine cock. It hurts to even think about it. We pass Doheny, we pass Robertson. Aquaman drops me at the hell hole, my place of gainful employment, and ventures forth on a dog killing spree. I wander slowly to the entrance of the establishment. No hurry. I was quite aware of what events would unfold ahead. Same bullshit, different day.

FIGHTING THE CULTURAL WAR IN AMERICA

by Charlton Heston (in a speech to the NRA picked up by AP and therefore in public domain. Reprinted from the nutbin.com website with permission.)

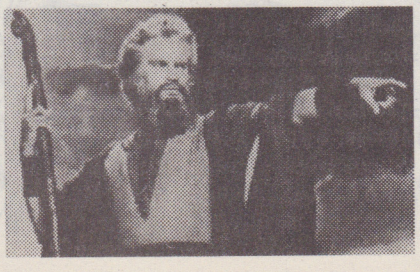
A cultural war is raging across our land—storming our values, assaulting our freedoms, killing our self-confidence in who we are and what we believe.

How many of you considered revealing your conviction about a constitutional right, but then thought better of it?

If so, you are a victim of the culture war being waged against traditional American freedom of beliefs and ideas. You have been assaulted and robbed of the courage of your convictions. Your pride in who you are and what you believe in has been ridiculed, ransacked, and plundered! It may be a war without a bullet or bloodshed, but with just as much liberty lost: You and your country are less free!

Because you choose to own guns—affirmed by no less than the Bill of Rights—you embrace a view at odds with the cultural war lords. If that is the outcome of cultural war, and you are the victims, I can only ask the obvious question. What will become of the right itself? Or other rights not deemed acceptable by the thought police? What other truth in your heart will you disavow with your hand? Rank-and-file Americans wake up every morning, increasingly bewildered and confused at why their views make them lesser citizens.

The message gets through; Heaven help the God fearing, law-abiding, Caucasian, middle-class Protestant—or even worse, evangelical Christian, Midwestern or Southern—or even worse, rural, apparently straight—or even worse, admitted heterosexuals, gun-owing-or even worse, NRA-card-carrying, average working stiff—or even worse, male working stiff—because, not only don't you count, you are a down-right obstacle to social progress. Your voice deserves a lower decibel level, your opinion is less enlightened, your media access is insignificant, and frankly, mister, you need to wake up, wise up, and learn a little something from your new America, and until you do, would you mind shutting up?



That is why you didn't raise your hand. That's how cultural war works. That's what happens when a generation of media, educators, entertainers, and politicians—led by a willing President—decide the America they were born into isn't good enough anymore. So, they contrive to change it through cultural warfare of class distinction! Ask the Romans if powerful nations have ever fallen as a result of cultural division. There are ruins around the world that were once the smug centers of small-minded, arrogant elitism. It appears that, rather than evaporate in the flash of a split atom, we may succumb to a divided culture!

The Constitution was handed down to guide us by a bunch of wise old dead white guys who invented our country! Now some flinch when I say that. Why! It's true-they were white guys! So were most of the guys that died in Lincoln's name opposing slavery in the 1860's. So why should I be ashamed of white guys? Why is "Hispanic Pride" or "Black Pride" a good thing, while "White Pride" conjures shaven heads and white hoods? Why was the Million Man March on Washington celebrated by many as progress, while the Promise Keepers March on Washington was greeted with suspicion and ridicule? I'll tell you why: Cultural warfare!

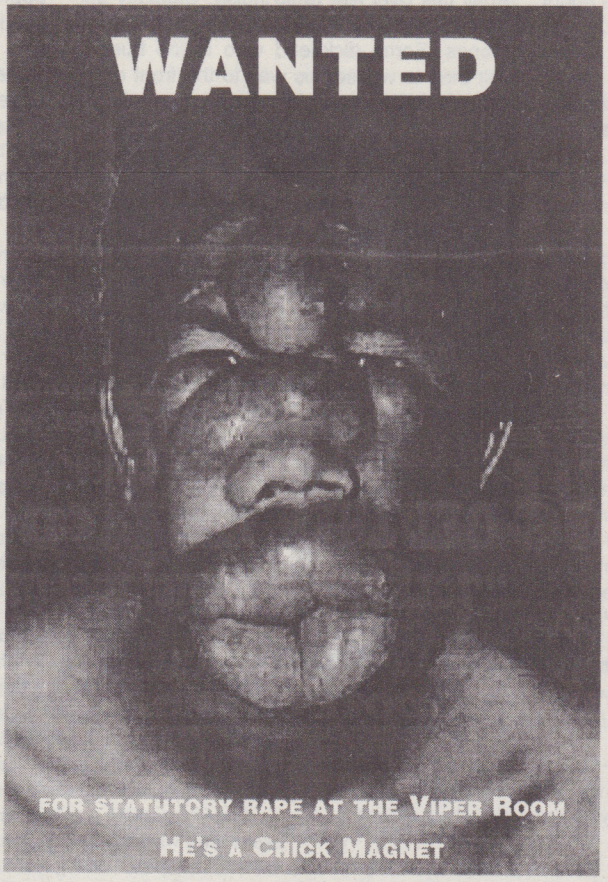
You don't see other Hollywood luminaries speaking out on this do you? Its not because there aren't any. Its because they can't afford the heat! They dare not speak for fear of CNN or the IRS or the SAG or NBC! It saps the strength of our country when the personal price is simply too high to stand for what you believe in. Today, speaking with the courage of your convictions can be costly, the price of principle can be so high that legislators won't lead and citizens can't follow, and so there is no arm to fight back. That's cultural warfare!

Mainstream America is counting on you to "draw your sword" and fight for them. These people have precious little time and resources to battle misguided Cinderella attitudes, the fringe propaganda of the homosexual coalition, the feminists who preach that it is a divine duty for woman to hate men, blacks who raise a militant fist with one hand while they seek preference with the other, New Age apologists for juvenile crime who see roving gangs as a means to only the merchandising violence as a form of entertainment for impressionable minds, and gun bans as a means to only the Lord-knows-what. We have reached that point in time when our social policy originates on Oprah. It's time to pull the plug!

HOW TO FIGHT LIKE A REAL MAN, PT.3

BY WHITETRASH KAZCYNSKI

One friday night at the Viper Room, MxPx is playing, and you spot some guy fucking his girl in the restroom. You are a christian punk with bleached, spiked back hair, a WWJD bracelet around your wrist, X's on the backs of your hands, and a T-shirt of some skateboarding sports conglomate. You're 20, never drank a beer or smoked a bud before and has refrained from sex throughout your entire life. You pick up a beer bottle and decide to rearrange his face with it. But wait a minute, you're too afraid of getting your precious body hurt. But then again, who says you have to fight fair. Ol' Whtetrash Kazcynski here is going show you how to fight in the third installment of "How to Fight Like a Real Man." Better take notes.



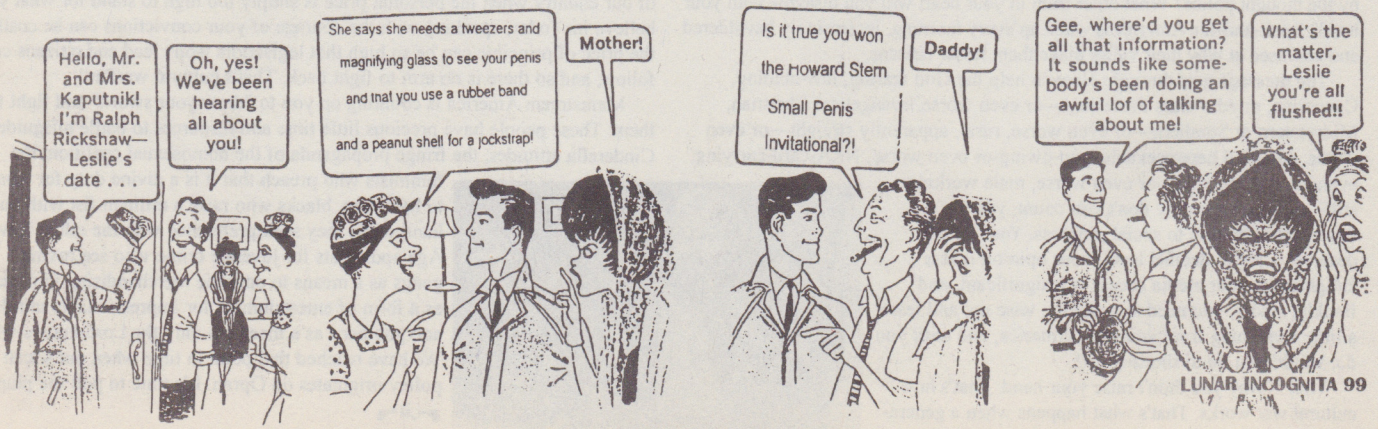
The Knockout: The next time you see a white guy wearing a 'Free Mumia' shirt in a bar, walk up to him, introduce yourself to him, and offer him a beer. While he's not looking, slip cyanide or chloroform knockout drops into his beer. When he drops dead/out-cold, drag him outside and into an alley, and then start kicking him all over (real brave!). Keep kicking the nigger lover until he wakes up or you're discovered by SGV Unity skins, then get the fuck out of there (what a man!)!

The Horseflies and the Rhino: Direct your attention towards the guy who was the most unpopular in your school, whether it may be the fat guy, the weirdo, the head of the Science Club, or the school mascot sitting across from you. Get some of your friends and walk up to him. Punch him in face and run. As he's busy trying to chase after you, have a friend run up, kick him in the ass, and get away. The dork will take his attention off of you and go after him. While he's distracted, you run past him and smack him across his head, and run away from him. Everytime he chases after a friend, have another sneak-hit him, then run and don't let him catch you, or he WILL kick your ass! Do this constantly to confuse him. When he quits or goes to get his geek friends to kick your ass, sneak up behind him, hit him, then run away. Hopefully the chase will began anew. Continue this until his buddies come to the rescue. At this point you better leave. Those nerds are not going to like it very much when they see jocks picking on their friends, so better get the fuck outta there before they tear you a new asshole. Pussy.

Just Another 'Move You Learned From A Jackie Chan Movie': Ever seen the movie *Mr. Nice Guy*? You'd understand this one better if you saw it. While cruising in your 4X4 pickup truck in Hollywood looking for spics to beat up, you spot a weirdo with plaid pants, an old torn up Adicts T-Shirt, a derby hat, and cogwheel-shaped black makeup under one eye, smoking fags near a lightpole. Go up to the blimey, scream threats at him and provoke him into fighting. Tell him to meet him over at Griffith Park tomorrow at 10 pm, just him and you. When, or if, he does, whip out a can pepper spray or sleeping gas and overwhelm him with it. While he's disorientated, have some friends (it's important that you must have at least four very strong people with you to do this) tie a long cord of rope or anything else sturdy around the wrists and ankles (don't tie them together, though.). When he comes to, the one-on-one confrontation begins. Have four of your friends hold one end of a rope tightly and don't let go. Instruct them to yank the end of the rope anytime he tries to reach out with his hands and feet. The rope tied to the wrist or ankle will prevent him from attacking. This way, every punch and kick will be yanked back the moment he tries to hit you (and preventing him from administering the ass kicking you rightfully deserve), while you can pound away at him at your leisure. Hey, you might of said it was just one-on-one, but you said nothing about it being a fair fight, ha! ha!

The Obnoxious Fairy: After challenging that Trekkie to a fistfight after stealing his girlfriend, take off all of your clothes. Hopefully the sight of you in the buff, saying, "Hey, girlfriend! Wanna wrestle?" will be enough to crush his fighting spirit and back off. If not, and he fights you anyway, time to get perverted. Grab his hand and make him grab your dick, grab his ass or crotch, stick your tongue in his ear, or get to top of him and make back and forth movements like you're humping someone. That should make him back away saying, "Here, you can have my girlfriend. I don't wanna fight you, man!"

The Lighter Side of *SEXUAL HUMILIATION*



from the pen of Liz Tongue ($E=MC^2$):

illustrations by Sean Hall

The Crush

"Eating! Eating in bed again? God Damn you, you know how those crumbs attract those damned roaches. I mean really, what do I have to do around here to keep a clean house? Jesus, it's bad enough I can't even turn a light on in the kitchen without seeing a school of those black monsters circling the crumbs in the cracks of the linoleum like God dammed sharks in bloody water, come on Billy, Billy Joe Jr., do you hear me Billy?"

Her voice, the sound of many waters, her eyeshadow, like shimmering blue walls of steel, the jerking motions of her hands, like a she-devil in heat, oh how could I resist? I pressed the last ding dong firmly into my mouth, careful to chew so that a few crumbs spilled out onto my comforter.

" Oh for heaven sake Billy, you know this is the warm season and the ants are all out searching for water, water supplied by the saliva in your crumbs, honestly Billy, HOW COULD YOU!!??"

I watched as she extended her creamy white hand in an attempt to brush away the dark chocolate crumbs. Her breasts fell forward pressing against her neckline, like filthy restless zoo animals trying to escape.I was entranced by each of her fingertips, fire engine red, as they fondled the surface of my bed spread seeking, searching, separating food from fiber. And then, suddenly to my delight her crumb clenched fist charged stealthily up into my unprepared chin. POW, the warm blood gushed out over my empty gumhole as a single tooth shot violently straight up into the air. I felt my sadistic edge pushing grin creep the corners of my swelling mouth as my right hand instinctively reached out and caught the flying tooth, my tooth. What better a key into a woman's heart, than an injury, especially if inflicted by them. I tucked my precious bloody pearl neatly under my pillow, careful to have her full attention, and like a timid forest creature I chirped out..."So mom, I guess the tooth fairy will be visiting me tonight?" I could tell she was disgusted as she turned away for the door, God she has a nice ass.

Drugs

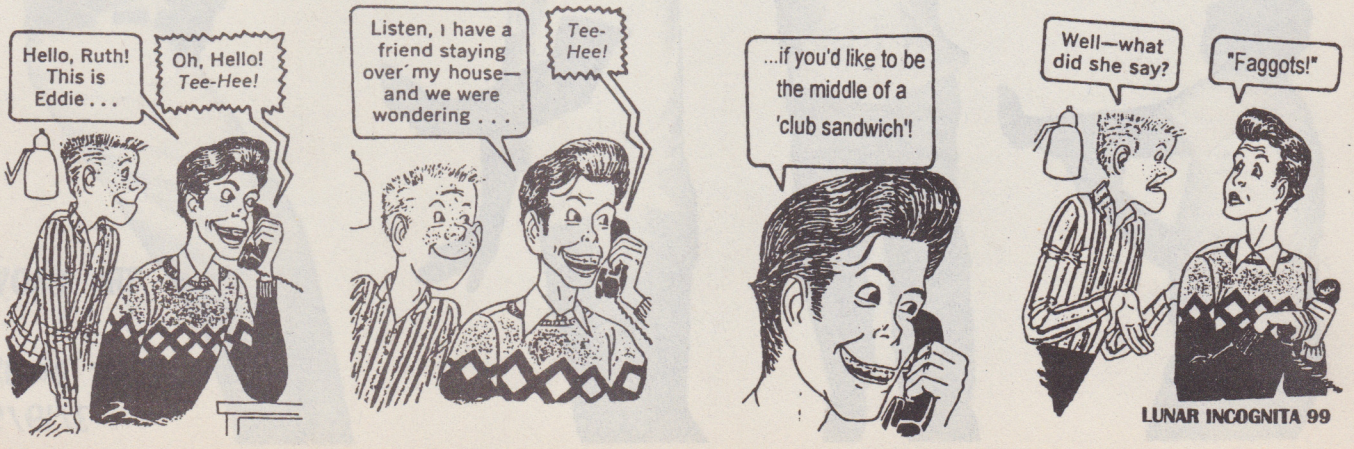
I get really mad when people say drugs are bad for you! They don't know. Like when I'm about to take a hit off a pipe or something in front of a church, and the priest asks me to take a moment and think of what little baby Jesus would do. I tell you what, I don't care, I wish all these stupid people would just mind their own business and leave me and my family alone. We've been growing and smoking pot and all kinds of stuff up here for years. Without it we wouldn't be able to survive. Pop says it's our bread and butter.

People think we're bad, just because we're different. Well, we're not. Here at Rainbow Ranch we accept everyone, and everything. We play ball, eat food and go hunting, just like everyone else does.

My favorite thing to do is go swimming. I strip down to nothing but my crystals, and splash and dive around in the swimming hole. It's fun, like when a big group of us gets stoned, and strip down, and jump in. We like to pretend we're dolphins and Killer whales. Sometimes our uncle plays with us. He pretends he's the fisherman and we're all dolphins, and then he gets us in our "blow hole" with his "fishing rod". He always gets my sister first.

My sister was also the first one to smoke me out and get me high. She's my best friend too, because sometimes the kids at school make fun of me and call me Rocky Dennison like that kid from Mask. It makes me sad sometimes 'cause I'm a little deformed, but when my sister kisses with her blistered lips it always makes me feel good again. I love my sister, and we're going to have a baby in three months. Boy I can't wait! My birthday is in three months too, I'll be 9. I hope my baby gets the same birthday as me, that would be real fun. Well got to go now, I hear uncle calling and he's got his "rod" out.

The Lighter Side of *SEXUAL HUMILIATION*



You Know You're A Fag...

by Cuntry Phucker

(Jeff Foxworthy, eat my ass!)

You know you're a fag when you use coupons at the supermarket checkout. Coupons are for housewives and piss-smelling octogenarians. Can't you think of anything more constructive to do than sit around all day cutting out little pieces of paper?

You know you're a fag when you take more than a half hour to get ready to go out for the evening. Primp and preen you useless piece of shit.

You know you're a fag when you sue someone for money because of something that was accidental and/or unintentional. What's up? Can't you settle the matter man-to-man? Do you always steal from others whenever you get an opportunity? People with real self worth are too proud to steal. And using a court to steal for you is the act of a coward. Only a pussy sues.

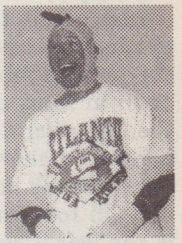
You know you're a fag when you pour a beer over a girl's head in anger. I believe you are in the band Total Chaos?

You know you're a fag when you have SO much "respect" for potential sex partners, and just want to "make love." To HELL with making love, I wanna FUCK! (Corollary: emo is faggy; and most of the emo bands are wusses.)

You know you're a fag when you are afraid of firearms and want every gun on the planet to magically disappear. You are a fag, a hippie and a coward.

You know you're a fag when you are a strident born-again liberal parroting the Official Party Line on TV. Is your name Alan Colmes or Bill Press? Do you believe that Bill and Hilary Clinton are innocent of all the shenanegans they've been accused of?

You know you're a fag when you believe in God. Go ahead, avoid all personal responsibility for everything and lay the blame for your life at the feet of some phantasy boogyman invented by a bunch of middle-eastern savages thousands of years ago. You fuckin' simp!

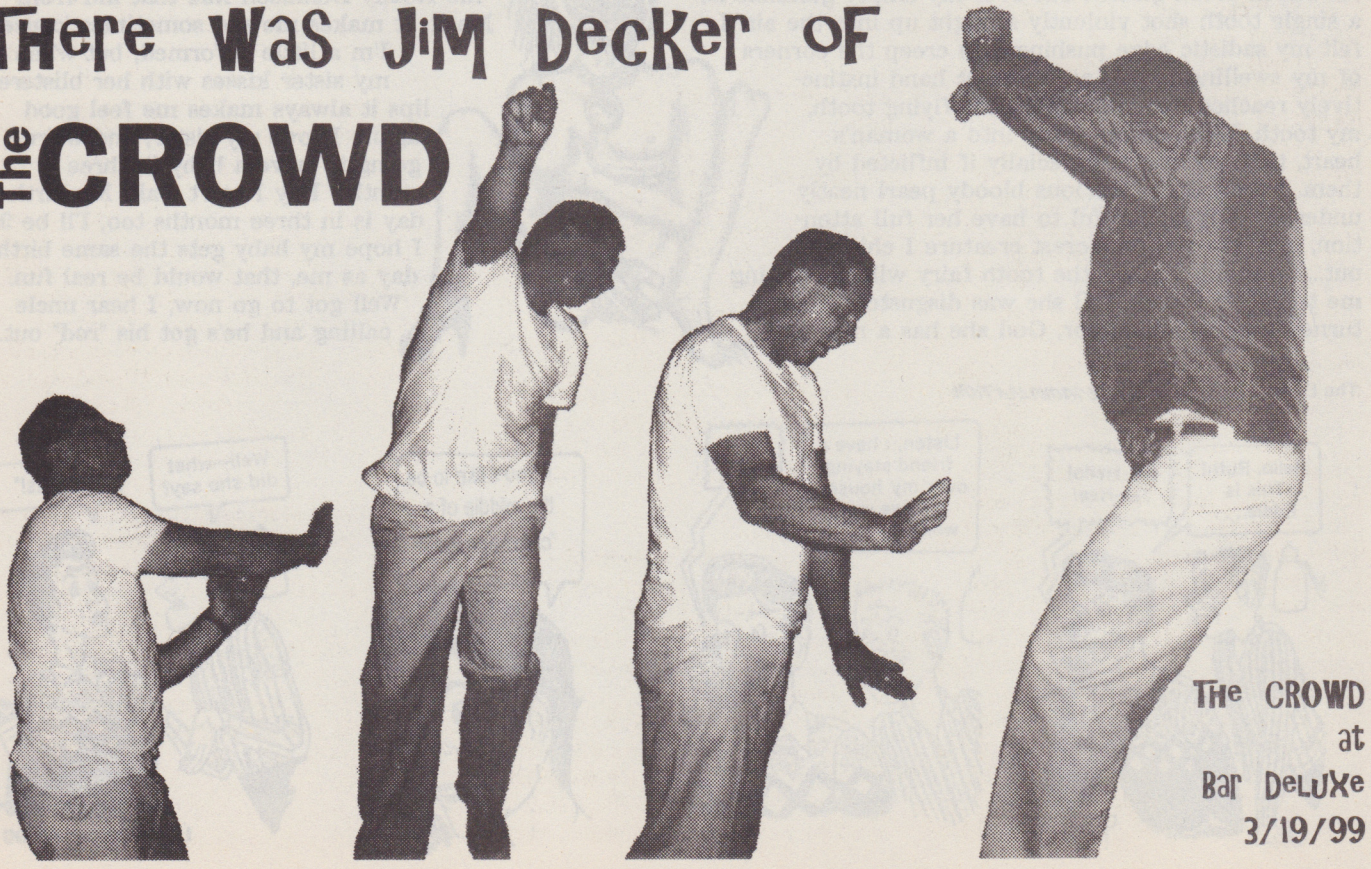


You know you're a fag when you KNOW that the Kurds, Kosovo Albanians, etc—pick your favorite ethnic target of genocide—will be much better off without military arms with which to defend their lives. Faggot.

...Oh, and by the way, being a fag has nothing whatever to do with being homosexual (as Joey Vindictive correctly pointed out in his column in Hit List #1), so FUCK OFF!!!!!

Before the Huntington Beach Strut was immortalized as the Circle Jerks' Skank Boy. . .

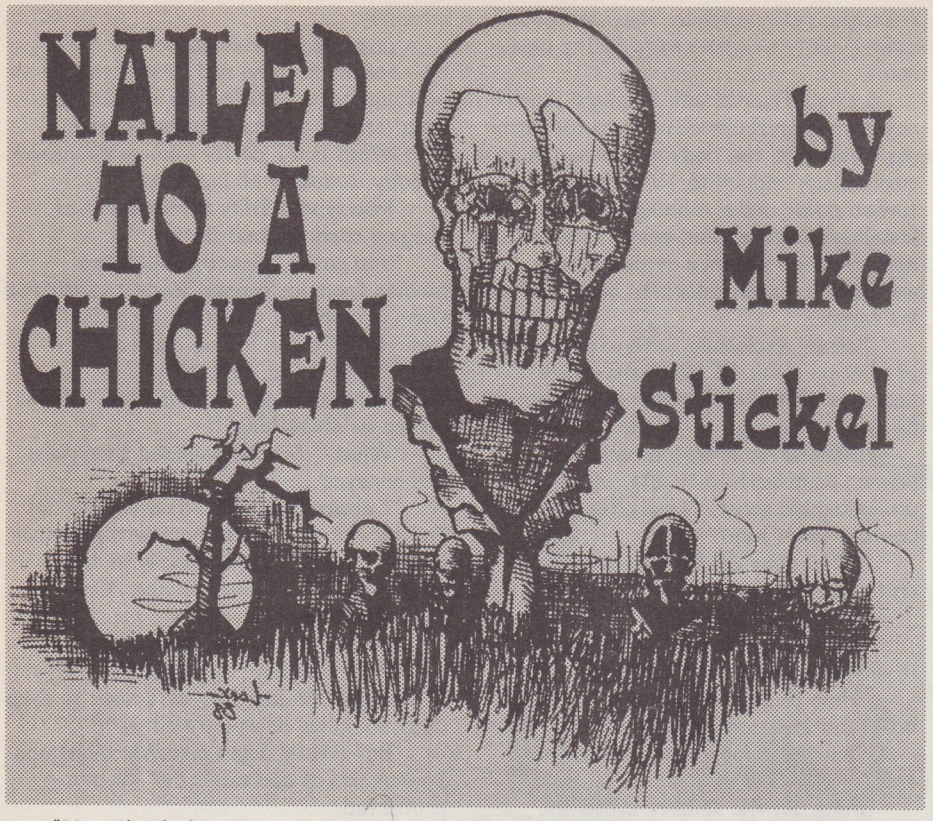
There Was Jim Decker of The CROWD



The CROWD
at
Bar Deluxe
3/19/99

NAILED TO A CHICKEN

by Mike Stickel



"Hey Sheth; how can you tell if a elephantsh been in your refrigerator?"

"Fuck you, Wyatt."

"It's cold out! What do you think the wind chill ish?"

"How the fuck should I know?" Seth's eyelids were starting to freeze together. "The bank clock Uptown said it was 37 below zero, but that's the straight temp."

It was just past eleven PM and the brothers had been stomping through the ice-glazed snow that blanketed Riverwood Cemetery for almost a half-hour, the wind shoving at their backs.

"Which one, again?" demanded Wyatt, breath steaming through his scarf.

"Osmolagnia. Cody Osmolagnia. Carmen used to babysit him when he was little. He drowned swimming in Lake Ida last summer," Seth mumbled through his ski mask. He was dragging a white laundry bag that held a boltcutter and a prybar.

"Here we are."

The pair stood in front of the Osmolagnia family mausoleum. It took both of them to shove open the heavy iron door after Seth snapped the lock with the boltcutters.

Stomping the snow off their boots, they switched-on a penlight and shined it on the coffins. Cody's was on the floor, underneath a shelf holding the casket of his grandmother. Grasping the handles, Seth and Wyatt dragged the coffin to the middle of the vault and sat down on it.

"At least we're out of the wind!" Seth pulled a glass pipe and a carefully folded piece of chewing gum foil from inside his blaze orange snowmobile suit.

"Fucker! I knew you'd bring shum!" Wyatt pulled a mini-torch from the pocket of his parka. "I thought you shed you had a eishcream habit."

"At least I'm not into 'kibbles and bits', Ratboy," said Seth, referring to his brother's custom of popping Talwin and Ritalin together. Each held the torch while the other sucked the heroin smoke into his lungs.

"I never been shucked-off by a Chineesh chick, before."

"Fuck you, asshole. Carmen promised me a hundred buck and a blowjob if I brought her Cody tonight. You can have fifty bucks, but I get the blowjob!"

"Can I watch, then?"

"OK; but you can't take any pictures!" Seth was starting to feel as happy as a baby in a barrel full of titties. "We better hurry, or we'll miss the last bus back!"

They stood up and Seth banged-off the coffin lid's lugs with the tire iron and lifted it.

"Groash!"

Seth played his penlight up and down the green-and-black eight year-old in the moldy suit. Holding his breath, he grabbed Cody under the arms and dragged him onto the cement floor.

"Groash!"

"Quit saying that and hold the bag open!" Wyatt did as he was told and by bending Cody in half at the waist, they were able to fit him into the laundry bag, dropping in the boltcutters and prybar after him. Each grabbed a drawstring. The brother's steeled themselves for what lay outside. Together they counted, "One, Two, THREE!" and stepped outside.

"FUCK!!!" They screamed into the wind. It had rained two days before and everything had been coated with a quarter-inch of ice. Even the gibbous moon had a halo of ice crystals around it. To Seth, it all looked so... pretty. He couldn't wait to get his present back to Carmen's apartment, fuck her pretty face and spurt between her lips if she let him.

"We going out the shame way we came in?"

"Yup."

The bag slid easily over ice-crusted snow, the wind blew icy twigs onto their heads. Wyatt smiled behind his scarf when he saw all the evergreen wreaths decorating gravestones and hung on the doors of mausoleums. "Look, Sheth, a Chrishmush tree!" He pointed at a small balsam leaning against a crying marble angel with its fingers broken-off. Most of the tree's cheap ornaments lay broken and scattered around it.

Fifteen year-old Wyatt had always been wildly sentimental about Christmas. He demanded his parents put up the decorations the day after Halloween and always helped his dad string-up the outdoor lights. It was his proud duty to assemble the manger scene in the front yard, for which Wyatt would pilfer outdoor decorations from miles around. He wore foam antlers everywhere he went starting the day after Thanksgiving, he shoplifted presents for everyone he knew, and wasn't shy about letting them know what he wanted for Christmas. Wyatt despised the day after New Year's, when his weary parents made him take the decorations down.

The pair had arrived at the hole dug under the iron-spiked fence they had slid under. Seth went through first, so Wyatt could push the laundry bag under the fence to him. After Wyatt squirmed through, the boys each grabbed a drawstring and shuffled down the sidewalk in babysteps, trying not to fall on their asses. It was four blocks against the wind to the bus stop at Hennepin and Lake.

Wyatt started reciting out loud one of his favorite books, Dr Seuss' GREEN EGGS AND HAM. When he finally finished and started reciting HORTON HEARS A WHO, Seth told him to shut up.

"Don't tell me to shut up! Dad shesh to tell you if you don't go back to shcool, he'll quit paying your rent!"

"You can tell dad to shuck my dick!"

Seth knew it was an empty threat. He would have to move back home, and knew Mom and Dad couldn't handle that, anymore. Fuck going back to school. He

heard reading text books gave you syphilis.

"I'll tell him you shed that when he picksh me up from your apartment Shunday night!"

"Go ahead, ash hole!" Seth hated having a younger brother. What he really needed was some more smoke. He remembered there was a dealer named Scooby, who lived a couple of blocks away. If they didn't stay too long, they would still have time to catch the last 21A that went east on Lake Street that would take them to the office furniture warehouse where he and Carmen had apartments on the third floor. When they got to Aldrich, Seth forced Wyatt to go left.

Standing in front of the dealer's house, with all the lights on and dogs barking, Seth had a hard time believing anyone lived in the house with all the windows broken and aluminum siding stripped-off to about ten feet.

"Wow! A haunted housh!"

They walked onto the porch and stomped the snow and ice off their boots. Seth pounded on the door. After a minute, a steroid-addled bodybuilder with no eyebrows opened the door while holding onto the leash of a snapping pitbull.

"Is Scooby Doo here?"

"Who you?"

"Tell him it's Seth."

The door slammed shut and the brothers flopped down on a broken couch. Ten minutes later they were about to leave when the door was opened by a scrawny guy with ink blue hair and a matted maroon beard that fell to his belt buckle.

"Seth! My favorite trust fund baby! Come in."

"You know I don't get my trust fund for another year-and-a-half, Scoob!"

"Who's your bud?"

"That's my little brother, Wyatt. He's staying at my apartment this weekend."

They walked into the foyer, dragging the laundry sack behind them. Scooby gawked at the pair's cargo.

"You're doing laundry, tonight?! Radio says it's a 65 below wind chill!"

Seth giggled. "Its not laundry. We just stole a kid's body from Riverview Cemetery for Carmen!"

"Carmen the Cambodian? I know her! What does she want with a dead boy?"

"I dunno. Carmen used to babysit him or something. She promised me a hundred bucks and a blowjob if I got him for her tonight."

"That sounds like Carmen! Let's go downstairs and do some business, but leave the bag here." Scooby led the boys past cracked walls swarming with roaches and through a minefield of dog turds. Upstairs, they could hear men laughing and shouting over a woman's screams. From the filthy kitchen, they descended down rickety wooden stairs to the basement.

A single fluorescent shoplight illuminated three pitbulls chained to fast-moving treadmills, the bodybuilder watching a small, black-and-white TV with the sound turned down, and a sobbing, shirtless man kneeling on the packed-earth floor with a hand crushed in a vice attached to a workbench. Fresh cigarette burns dotted his torso.

"Wow!" exclaimed Seth after taking off his ski mask. "A black-and-white TV! I heard of those but I never seen one before!"

"Traded for it with a rock." He peered past Seth to Wyatt, who was unwinding his scarf. "How come your brother don't talk?"

"What time ish it when a elephant shits on a fensh?"

Uh oh, thought Seth.

"I dunno," said Scooby. "What time is it when a elephant shits on a fence?"

"Time to get a new fensh!" Wyatt burst out laughing.

The dealer looked confused, then angry.

"Why did the shicken crash the road?"

"To get to the other side?" asked a wary Scooby.

"Awww... you heard it! Why did Jeshush crosh the road?"

"Huh?"

"He wash nailed to a shicken!"

The bodybuilder sitting on the folding chair twisted his tiny, shaved head around. "That's blasphemy!"

Seth jerked a thumb at the whimpering man with his hand in the vice. "What's his story?"

Scooby looked ready to explode. "Fucker comes here looking for crack with his wife, when he already owes me $450! Me and Casper drug 'em down here and gave him one choice; we entertain him down here, while his wife entertains our customers upstairs for $10 a pop 'til his debt is paid off! We wanted to charge more, but she's ugly as a hat full of assholes. That's her on the TV. Jinx is on the camcorder upstairs."

"Hey, it's Big Boo Boo's turn!" Casper shouted.

"You guys gotta watch this," said Scooby. "Big Boo Boo's got the biggest prong you ever saw on a white guy!"

Huddled around the small screen, the brothers gasped when they saw Big Boo Boo's tool rise from between his knees.

"That fucker ish deformed!"

"Your old lady will be able to do squat thrusts over a fire hydrant when Big Boo Boo gets done with her!" Casper told their vice-clamped guest.

His sobbing increased in volume and intensity.

"Let...me...go!" he wailed.

Scooby cackled and turned the TV so he could get a better view of his wife's violation and cranked-up the volume.

"What can I do for you boys?" asked Scooby, suddenly all business.

"Howzabout fifty bucks worth of skag on credit?" said Seth.

"You got it." Scooby pulled two bindles from his ragged jeans and stuffed them in a pocket of Seth's snowmobile suit. He pulled on his ski mask and mittens. "Time to go, Wyatt."

"Before we go, Shcooby Doo, will you let me do shumthing?"

"What?" Scooby sounded suspicious and annoyed.

"I alwaysh wanted to carve The Cat In The Hat on a guysh back with a rashor blade." Wyatt looked directly at the crackhead trapped in the vice. "Or Curioush George."

"Go for it," Scooby grinned.

"You don't have time for that, Wyatt! If we miss the last bus, we'll have to drag Cody six miles down Lake Street!"

"But Sheth, I got a rashor blade and I wanna shtay and wash TV!" Wyatt protested.

"You're not the bawsh of me!" wailed Wyatt when Seth grabbed his hand and started pulling him up the stairs, struggling the whole way. Seth slapped him with his open palm, causing Wyatt to start bawling and Scooby and Casper to burst-out laughing.

When they got to the top of the stairs, Seth wrapped his brother's scarf around Wyatt's snotty nose and mouth. He was still quietly blubbering. "Shut up!"

"I'm...gonna...tell... momanddad... you ...hit...me."

"Like they're really gonna give a shit!" They each grabbed a drawstring on the laundry bag and dragged their ghastly cargo outside. The cold hit them like a mallet.

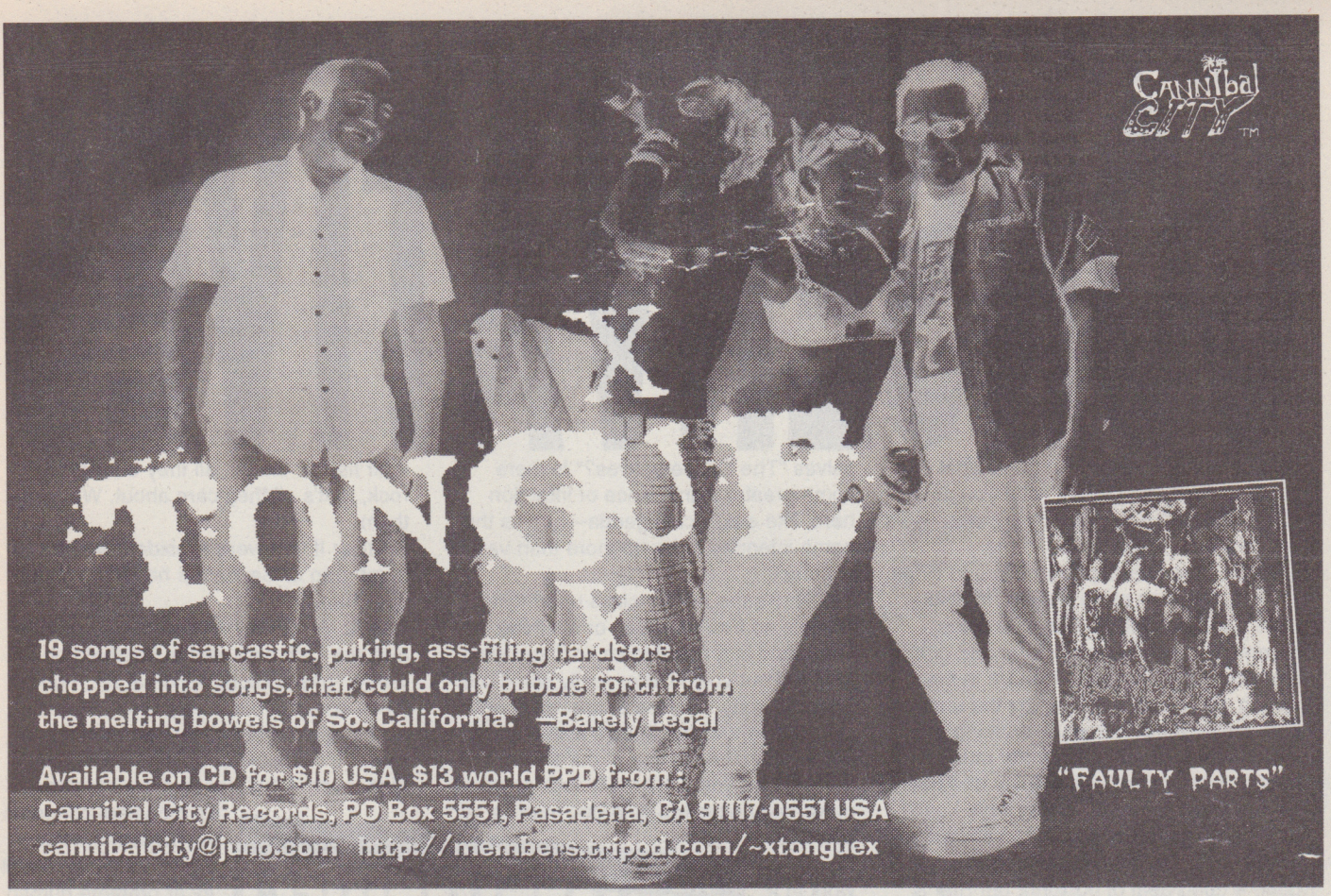
Shuffling down the icy sidewalk toward Uptown, Wyatt's crying got softer and softer 'til it finally ended. "You shure got shum neat friendsh, Sheth!"

They arrived at the business district as the bars were closing and people were drunkenly sliding and slipping toward their cars. They laughed uproariously when they saw a guy slip and bash his head on a parking meter and crumble unconscious or dead on a dirty snowbank.

The trio joined a small crowd huddled at the bus shelter at Hennepin and Lake. Wyatt nudged a woman in a silver ski jacket standing with her boyfriend.

"Hey lady, how can you tell if a elephantsh been in your refrigerator?"

the end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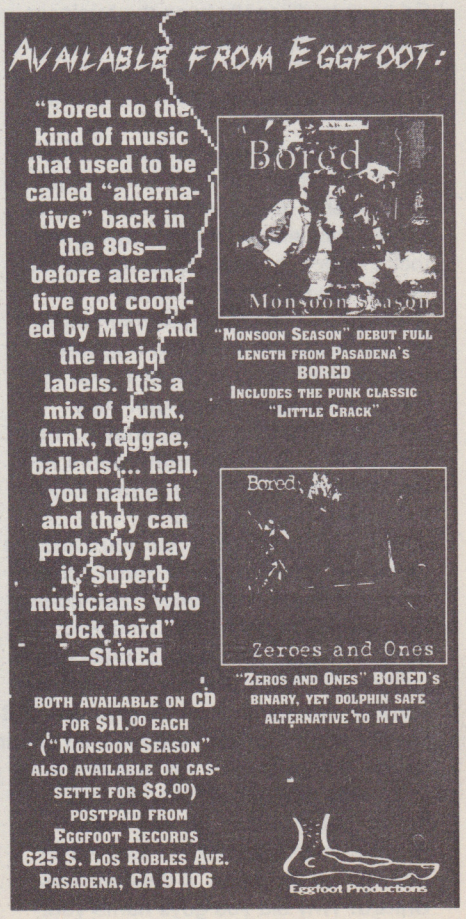
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ARE YOU CONSUMER ENOUGH FOR THE CONSERVATIVES

ShitEd: Who is in the band and what do you each do—not merely what you do on stage, but who does the writing, who deals with bookers, labels, etc?

JACK: Eddie Sotelo plays bass and sings backup, Stephan plays guitar and also does backups, Jeffery Fontaine plays drums and fixes the van, I sing and drink and wreck the van. We all share in the writing, the music is written by the entire group, everybody vetoes everything or improves it until we're all pretty much happy. I write most of the lyrics and have always been a bastard about it b/c I can't hide behind a guitar so I think I should be 100% about what I'm saying. Lately I've done a good deal of booking, but Stef & Ed have traditionally been the businessmen of the band. Until recently I stayed out of it, we have a booking guy in Chicago who helps us with out of town shows.

ShitEd: What do each of you do for a living, if anything? You know: do you live off your parents or girlfriends, accountants, school teachers (a lot of those in punk rock), work in a bank, sell drugs, do internet site development, or what?

JACK: we have traditionally served as bottom feeders in the great corporate tank, we hold temp or full-time jobs until we are no longer able to look busy.

ShitEd: Given your name, should I view your band as a serious band with a serious message, or are you guys goofballs just having fun? Or both?

JACK: Listening to the disc you'll find the topics we cover are pretty damn serious, but these are serious times. Seeing us live you'll be screamed at, caressed, soaked in beer, the object of cruel observations, deafened, and if you heckle us you'll be heckled in turn. It's my hope that people laugh and have a good time at our shows, but go to work the next day and feel a little more dissatisfied or pissed off in their cubicles than the day before. (laughs, throws confetti on self) We're fuckups but the music is dead serious.

ShitEd: Why did you guys name yourselves "The Conservatives?" Is there some greater significance or intention here, like a political agenda—or was the name intended to be no more than vaguely ironic?

JACK: It's the middle-class upbringing. There's no five-year plan or anything; Cleveland is a metal town so if you want to stand out you'd better really stand out. There is irony involved in the name and the stage show, but there's also loathing. Some people wear ties at our shows now, that's great, you can't really fuck anything up w/ body piercings and doc martins, all you can do is work in a record store and be hassled by the cops, which is fine if that's what you want to do. But if you look like the normals you can crash the man's hard drive and lose his important accounts. When the cops pull us over on the road we tell them we're a wedding band, they believe us. The Conservatives are anti-cool, we're fucking geeks, geeks rock!!! Hipsters wanna get laid, that's why the cool kids go to shows; they wanna get drunk and get laid. The geeks that no one will touch are standing right up front watching everything the band does with their fists in the air, all they talk about is rock, that's all they care about. We're like them.

flyer by Aaron Koonce

ShitEd: If you were President would you bomb Iraq or Serbia? Is he "wagging the dog" here?

JACK: Wow, I think I'd start in California and work my way east to Washington. Clinton has no conscience at all. I guess that's unfair of me to say since no one else in government has a conscience either. It's ridiculous to bomb these countries, even if their leaders are monsters... it's monsters condemning monsters. How does that create stability or promote human rights or safeguard Democracy? Bullshit. How does war crimes grab ya'? Somebody explain to me how the US is not guilty of war crimes, already. In "What Uncle Sam Really Wants", Chomsky details how every American president since I think Truman is guilty of war crimes, I'm not as smart as Chomsky so if you want qualification turn off the T.V. & go get the book.

ShitEd: How would you guys feel about the idea of having Monica Lewinsky's mouth wrapped around your cock?

JACK: Not after she sucked off a maggot like Clinton. She looks like a dead lay anyway, maybe that's why he's bombing Kosovo.

ShitEd: So what are your politics as a band? And while we're on that subject,

there's the related question of economics and social responsibility: what are your views on capitalism and it's odd permutations? Specifically, how do you feel about large international corporations? Do you see their multiple ownership (shares of stock) as an irresponsible or responsible form of non-state socialism? How do you feel about people owning their own small businesses such as one-person website developers, corner liquor stores and shopkeepers running their own stores?

JACK: That's a lot of question for one little rock band. Our politics are definitely tilted left... not in a theoretical way, but because of the lives we've led, in a practical way. I think everyone becomes an environmentalist when some faceless group of people builds a nuke dump near your drinking water supply. You're miraculously pro-labor when the company you work for makes record profits and then lays you & 1,000 of your co-workers off. Most people view politics abstractly. Capitalism, socialism, democracy, etc., those words are just academic until something happens that makes those abstractions the most real and present concern in their daily lives, then tree huggers and labor agitators become a lot less threatening and radical. Capitalism is fucked because it values capital. Free Enterprise is great: and a necessary and creative part of the American landscape, the Conservatives are an example of free enterprise, we're free to channel our energies where ever we want, I'm all for freedom & people who own liquor stores. But capitalism allows the guy w/ the most money to dictate the terms at the cost of my freedom. People work in jobs that are not at all meaningful to them, get paid the least amount the company thinks it can pay, and trade in huge chunks of their lives for a increasingly subsistence standard of living. They never get that time back. I think my life is more valuable than some shitty 20k a year & an HMO. We're not espousing any political agendas, we're not even very educated on these topics in any academic way. We get our knees bloody scraping together gas money for touring so who's got time to digest Das Kapital? We're not special, that's everyone. So our politics are expressed by our actions. I'm for politics that allow for self-determination, I don't see any real evidence of a representative government in the USA, the multi-nationals & the upper 1% killed it. I don't see a two party system, I see one party with a right wing (Clinton and his ilk) and an ultra right wing. You can't have a Democracy with all these pigs around.

ShitEd: I see last names like "Sotelo" and "Ravello" on the CD. How many of you are Italian ancestry?

JACK: I'm a Mic, Sotelo (bass) is Argentine (second generation), and Ravello (guitar) is a Peruvian name, but he's actually Puerto Rican, Fontaine (drums) is some ghastly descendant of the white eyes devil cracker race.

ShitEd: In the song "Los Alamos Lab Technician" you tell the story of a worker who gets himself contaminated with something that makes him sick and is going to kill him. How did that song get written, is it based on any news stories?

JACK: No, the public never sees any news stories. It's an anti-nuke song, could've been about a guy at Maine Yankee or Fernald. The point of the song is that we are all sponges.

ShitEd: Why do you thank David Geffen

for the blowjob on your CD? Just a prank or do you have a serious problem with him?

JACK: We were drunk and stoned when we wrote the liner notes.

ShitEd: Who in the band has trouble getting laid? Be truthful now!

JACK: We don't get laid, we make love.

ShitEd: What the hell is there to do in Cleveland in the winter?

JACK: Drink, practice, play out, dig the van out of snow banks, drink, see shows, plan tours, record.

ShitEd: Serious question again: why is it that you guys sound like an original, old-school punk wave band from the early 80's? I want a detailed answer here, and if you have to answer that tired old trite query of "what are your influences" or wax poetic about how much you love or hate certain things, go for it!

JACK: We've never claimed to be pioneers...just good at what we do (that's our claim, anyway) we just write music that we like. When I first heard Entertainment and Pink Flag I was totally amazed. Those records sound better twenty years later than any crap Green Day puts out today. I guess that's gotta bleed through our guitars. We opened for the Subhumans (THE Subhumans) last September and I was so nervous about meeting those guys, I didn't want them to be assholes or something, and I was thinking, God, what if they hate us? That would have bummed me out. But I got to talk to Dick for a while before the show & afterwards I did the goofy "fan" stuff & told him I'd been listening to his records since I was a kid, and he said he could tell it had rubbed off. That was so cool, I pretty much figured if the band broke up right then I had at least played my ass off for those guys. People use funny words that don't seem to apply. Punk to me is Television, Gang of Four & a bunch other obsolete or dead guys. So I don't see a whole lot of punk bands these days as punk & don't see the use of being a punk. I'd rather just be a heretic. If punk's dead it's ok with us, it's only a word, the music is what everyone is after. We hope people think of us a rock & roll band.

flyer by Ron Kretsch

ShitEd: Who promised you distro for your CD? Did you get it?

JACK: Our co op, City of Romance, co-released our album w/ Cleveland indie, Sonic Swirl, we're supposed to have distro, but we don't know how to track it... does any one out there have our disc? We made the whole damn thing up ourselves.

ShitEd: Local promotion time: what's the best place for a real punk band to play in Cleveland, Ohio?

JACK: Definitely The Euclid Tavern & Pat's in the Flats, everyone should play there.

ShitEd: Last words? Special messages you want to tell CT readers before you go?

JACK: Be late for work, show up hung over, do your work inefficiently, don't return any fucking calls.

City of Romance
c/o Eddie Sotelo
1008 Kennilworth
Cleveland OH 44113
216-241-6914
cityofromance@hotmail.com

nicknames of the rich, influential and infamous

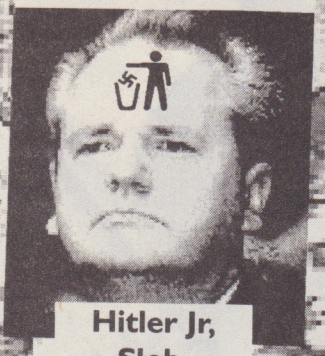
William Jefferson Clinton

Bubba, Slick Willie, Good Fella

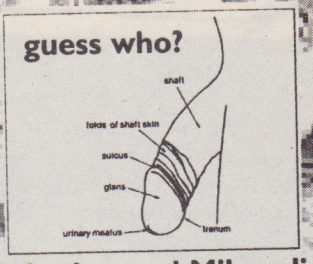
Monica Lewinsky

Fella Trix, B. J.

Slobodan Milosevic

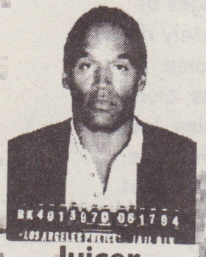


Hitler Jr, Slob, Nazi Asshole



Slobodamned Milosedick

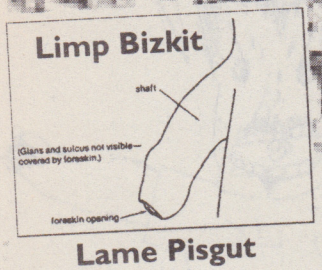
Orenthal



Juicer, Ginsumaster

Bill Gates

Mastergates

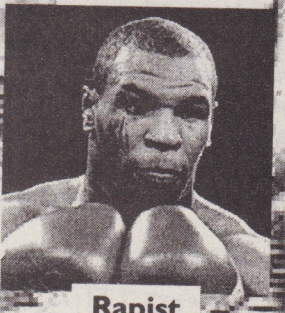


Lame Pisgut

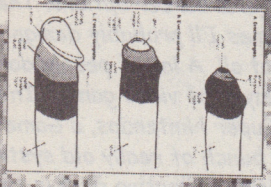
Rev Dodgson

Lewis Carroll Pedophile

Mike "Munchie" Tyson



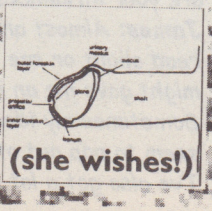
Rapist



Princess Dies

Charles Manson of Winsore, Chuckles

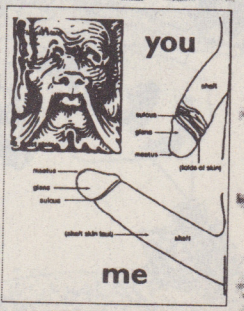
Ellen Degenerate



(she wishes!)

John Lydon

Rotten FatFuck



artist interview, cartoonist

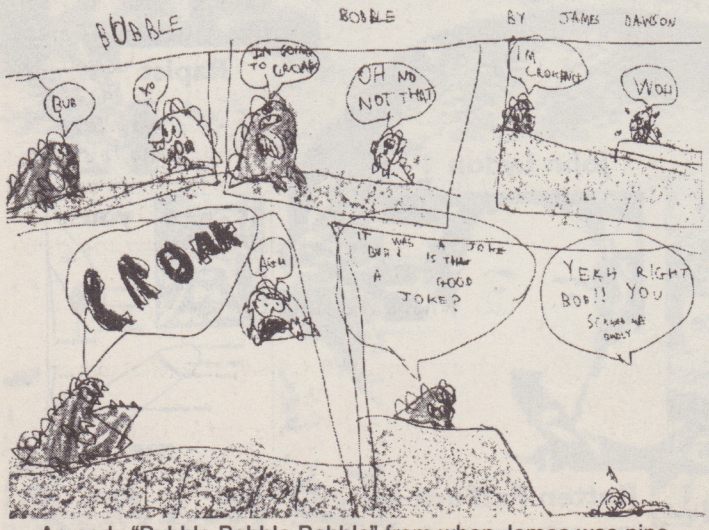
James Burton

interview by Liz Tongue

There are some artists who catch your attention with their technical skills, and some with raw talent, and then some with bizarre original ideas. That's James Burton. His controversial comics and weird interpretations of subject matter have definitely made the pages of C.T. more interesting. Keep a close eye on this kid and his edgie art style, as I'm sure his determination will land him as one of the art personalities of the future!

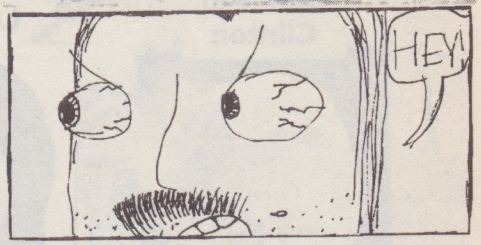
Liz: James, you started drawing at an early age, is this just a hobby for you, or do you plan on taking it to a different level? If so what direction are you planing on going with your talent?

James: *Right now, I'm taking an animation class. Maybe if I'm good enough I'll probably get a job in animating cartoons. I'm considering two choices: I'm either working for Fox or Comedy Central, one or the other. Though, it would be cool if I got accepted by the Playboy Channel. Yeah,* Typo *would be the first cartoon to be on the fucking Playboy Channel, fuck yeah! I am also considering making a* World Conspiracy *book after I've done enough comics to fill a hundred or so pages.*



An early "Bubble Bobble Babble" from when James was nine.

But that could be years from now. I'd need to do about 150-200 strips for the book. I'll let you know when I get around to doing it, though.



Liz: How did you learn how to draw ?

James: *I have been drawing since I was about 4 or 5. I just got progressively better and better. The best way to become a good drawer is to never stop drawing.*

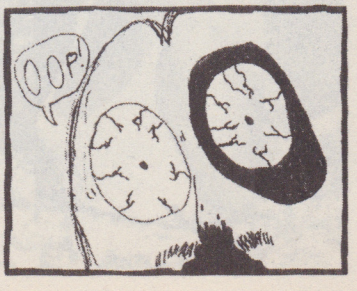
Liz: Most people know your work from the pages of Censor This, on which you started doing comics, and later the Horriblescope, but I heard about your books filled with pages upon pages of elaborately drawn video game schemes, along with rules, levels, etc. What are those all about and when can I see one?

James: *I like to jot my ideas down on paper, whether it may be ideas for video games, comics, songs or what have you. Also, I might think about getting a job designing and maybe even programming video games, just in case I fail or don't make it as an animator. I'm considering several career options. These are just ideas I have for video games I'll probably design in the future, if I do start doing it at all. A lot of people don't realize this, but I'm a very avid player of video games. In my house we've got a Nintendo, two Super Nintendos, a Game Boy Pocket, and a Nintendo 64, plus a bunch of really old systems like an Atari 2600 and a Collecovision collecting dust in the garage. Most of my stuff are total dogshit, but I'll let you look at some of my good ones.*

Liz: What are your favorite games?

James: *My favorites have to be* Goldeneye 007, *any of the* Doom *and* MegaMan *games ,* Crystalis, *all the* Star Wars *games from* Super Star Wars *to* Shadows of the Empire, Mortal Kombat 4, *and many others, but I don't want to bore you with such a long list.*

Liz: What is your inspiration for the comics you do? Who are your influences?



James: *Almost anything I read about or see happening might gave me an idea. Sometimes my ideas just seem to pop out of thin air. I've also got a lot of influ-*

ences. My earliest were the Life in Hell comics by Matt Groening. Others are Jhonen Vasquez, Adam Thrasher, Vaughn Bode, and Mike Diana. Mike Diana is fucking god! He rules! My biggest influences definitely are Gary Larson [The Far Side] and Berkley Breathed [Bloom County, Outland] because they're fucking bizarre as hell. A lot of my early comics, though shitty and hard to read, were very bizarre.

Liz: How do you come up with those ideas for the Horriblescope?

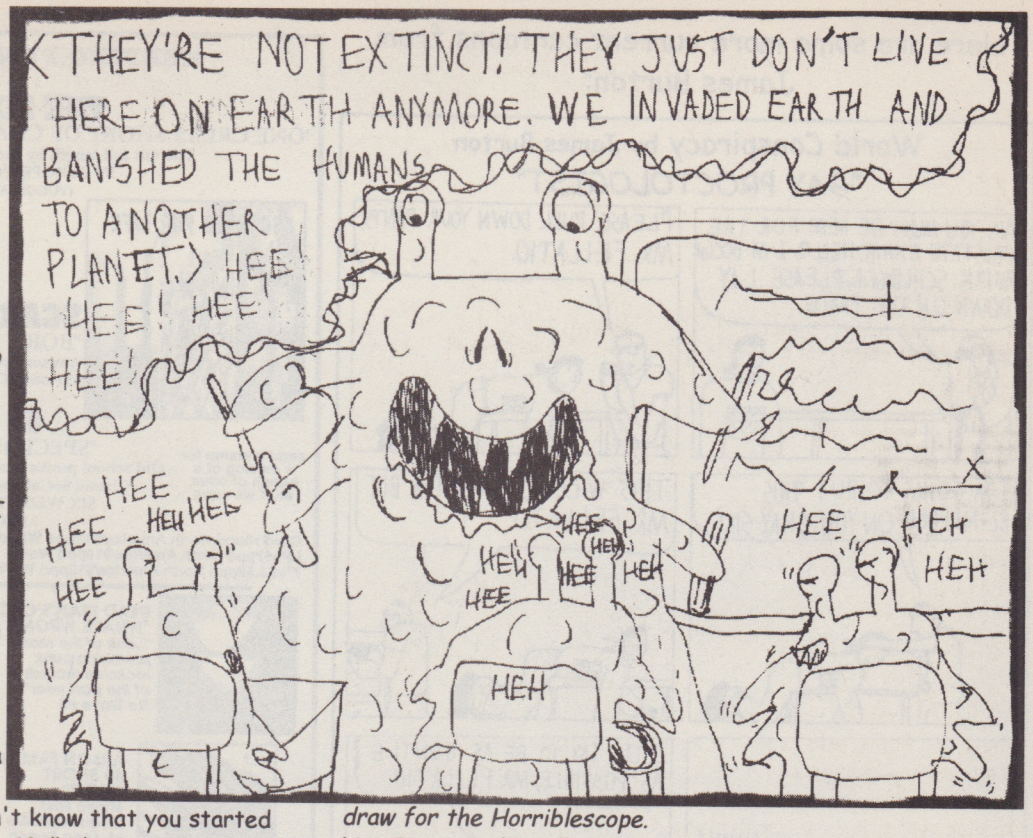
James: *There are a lot of ways I get my ideas. Sometimes I read other people's work, sometimes I watch TV and I see something that makes a little lightbulb form over my head. Maybe something might happen that would gave me an idea.*

Liz: Did you know that you have a lot of fans that LOVE your sections, many of which I'm sure don't know that you started contributing to Censor This at age 13 (he's now 17). What do you want to say to them?

James: *Holy shit! I've actually got a following? Killer! I had no clue I had so many who like my work. I'd have to say that I appreciate that.*

Liz: Does music influence your art at all?

James: *Somewhat. Punk Rock has a strong influence in my comics and most of my columns as well as in the pictures I draw for the Horriblescope.*

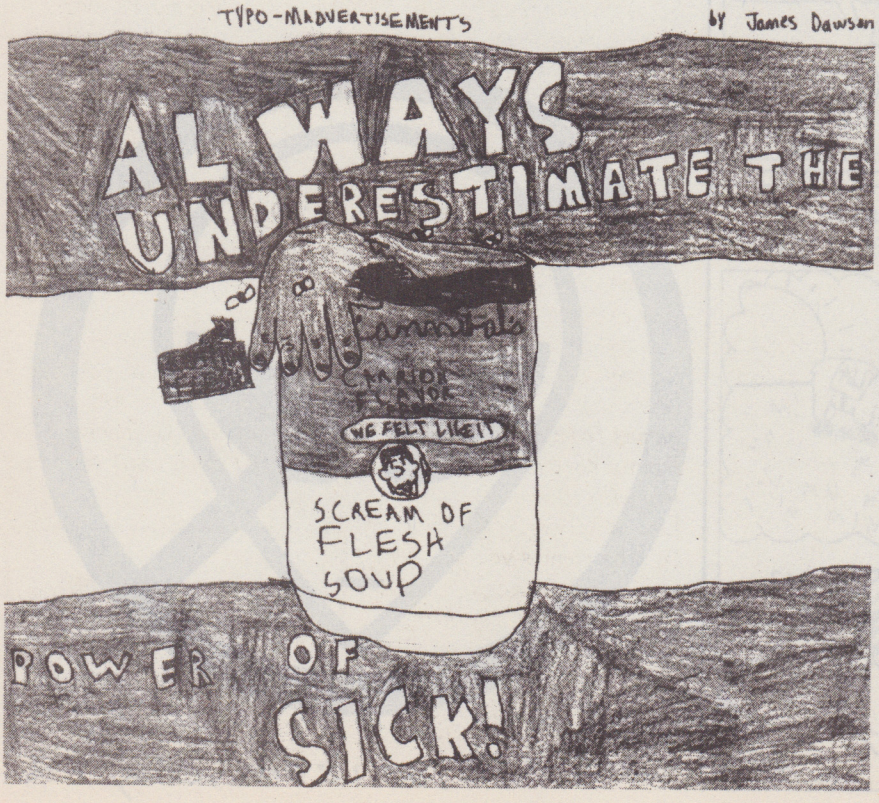


Liz: It seems like all the creative kids grow up in school being the outcast, how is high school treating you?

James: *Actually it's not that bad anymore than it used to be. In all my years in school all the way up to the middle of my Junior year in high school I have been picked on, called names, attacked, and harassed by the nazi-ass jocks and the mama's boy poseurs simply for being a bit odd. But things have been going pretty well lately. True, a lot of the most creative and successful people were total geeks in high school. What I don't fucking get is if most teenagers idolize and worship the unique, original, and most unconventional actors, cartoons, musicians, etc., why, when they see some kid their own age with the that same spark or freshness and originality, do they ridicule him and beat the crap out of him, even going as far as to kill him, like what happened to Brian Deneke a year ago? I mean, what's with that shit? I think it's fucking retarded! For those who go around thinking they're Rocky Maivia or Stone Cold Steve Austin, you have my full permission to suck my big fat bloated prick! Do all humanity a favor-go fucking kill yourselves! The same goes for the fucking golf punks and the christians in my school.*

Liz: What's the future for James Burton looking like these days?

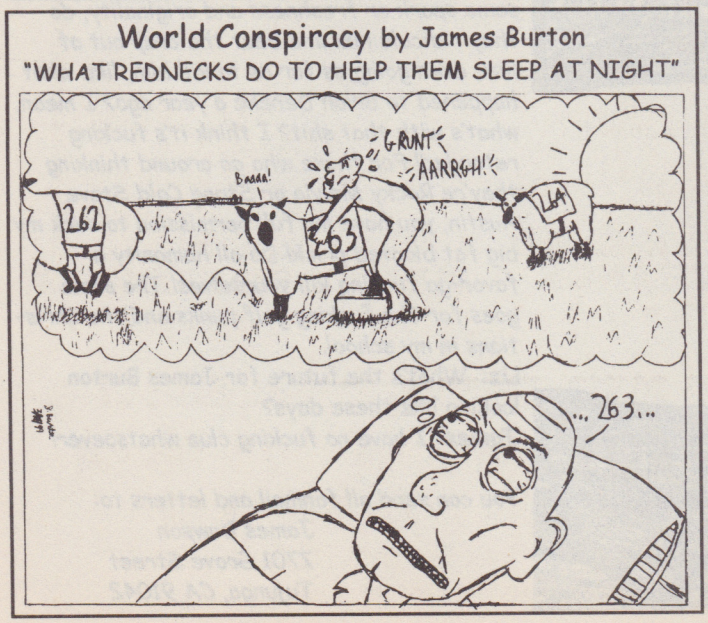
James: *I have no fucking clue whatsoever!*



You can send all fanmail and letters to:

James Dawson
7701 Grove Street
Tujunga, CA 91042

Here are some more current cartoons from James Burton:



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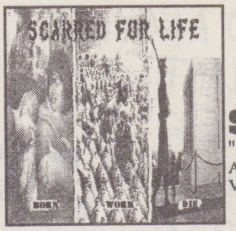

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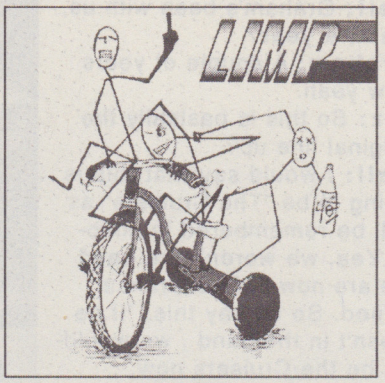

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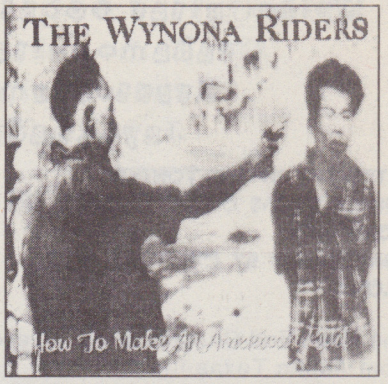

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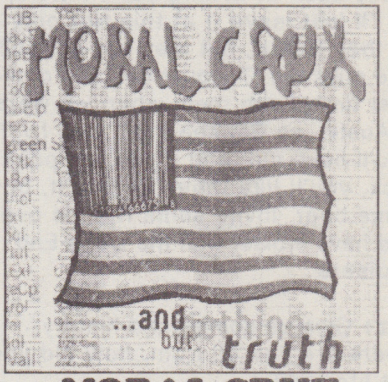

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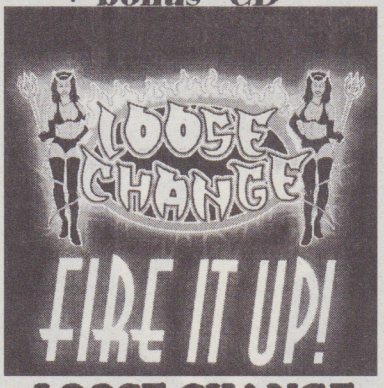

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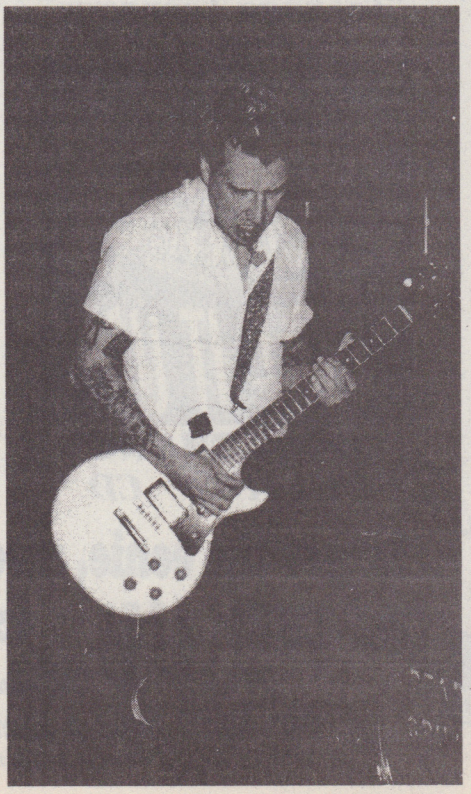
DEAD END CRUISERS

Dave-bass
Neil-Guitar vocals
Graham-guitar
Brent-drums
Jay-Roadie

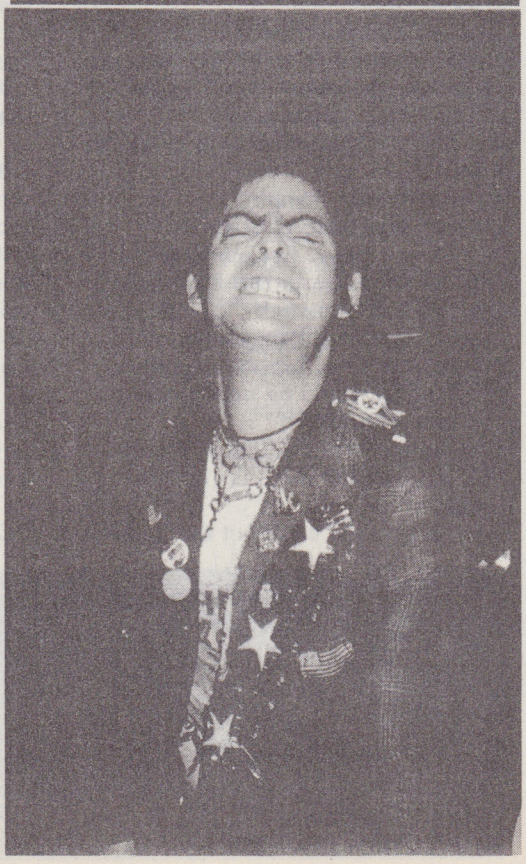
INTERVIEW BY LIZ TONGUE & VINNIE VEGAS OF SAN PEDRO'S NO COMPRENDE
TRANSCRIBED BY CHRISTIAN 400 BLOWS

The Dead End Cruisers are a 4 piece from Austin Texas.I met them through roadie Mike Balzano on their way through L.A.and umm... Well, I really suck at writing band intro's, so I'll just leave it at this,Not only do they ROCK, but they are all really nice guys.We (Tongue) had one of the best times with them when we were in Austin, so GO see them play live!!! You'll have fun, and if you like punk rock, you'll like their CD Buy it, buy some beer, invite some friends over and have a blast with the Dead End Cruisers

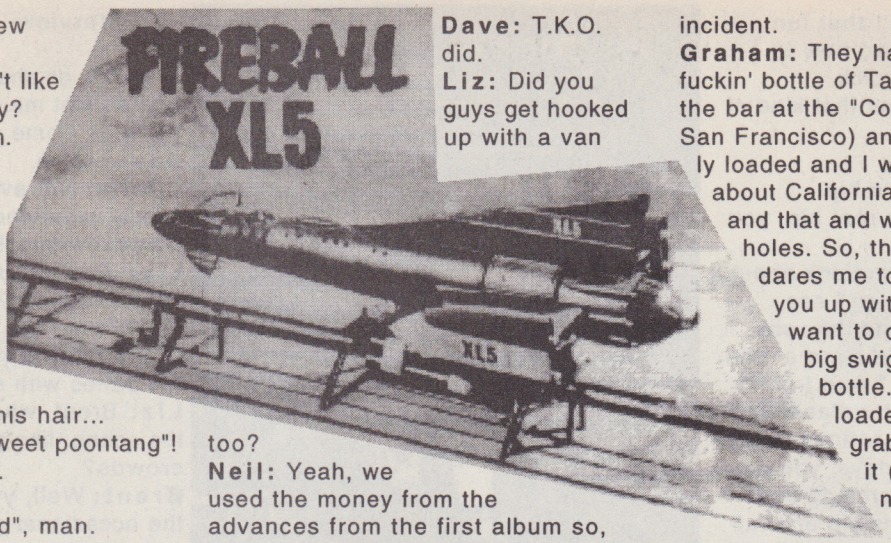
Liz: Give us some band history, where are you all from, how did you get started?
Neil: Dave and I met over a keg, Dave's from Mississippi, I'm from London, I moved out from Cleveland Ohio.
Liz: Why did you move to Cleveland from England?
Neil: My dad's job, My parents still live out there. Brent lived across the street and we needed a drummer, even though he thought we were Nazis, he decided to try out. So he came over to practice then we made him take his drums home while we discussed whether he was in the band or not. We decided he was, and told him he could bring his drums back over. We got Graham laying on the side of the road.
Liz: What are your guys' influences?
Dave: AC/DC.
Neil: Ace of Base.
Brent: Rick Springfield.
Dave: We used to do a Rick Springfield cover.
Liz: Really? which one?
Dave: "Do Anything You Wanna Do".
Liz: How long have you guys been together?
Neil: Four years is it?
Dave: Four and a half years.
Neil: Graham's been with us, what, a year?
Graham: A couple of years now yeah.
Liz: So this is basically the original line up?
Neil: I would say that this is going to be "The Cruisers" as will be remembered in history.Yea, we weren't the band we are now before Graham joined. So I'd say this, "if he wasn't in the band , we wouldn't be the Cruisers now.
Liz: Were you guys in bands previous to this?
Dave: Ya, I was in one of Mississippi's first Hardcore bands, 1985 "The Baptist Creatures" I was like fifteen, it was cool, we caused a lot of trouble in Mississippi, a whole lot of trouble. I've been playing on and off in punk bands for i guess fifteen years now.
Neil: I originally moved out here with another band from Cleveland and I've been playing out since I was about sixteen or seventeen in high school and stuff.
Liz: Did you go to high school in Cleveland?
Neil: Ya, I did three years there.
Vinnie: Like it's a sentence or something.
Liz: So earlier you were telling me about some of your reviews making fun of your English accent saying "where'd you get an English accent in Texas?"
Neil: Well their are so many bands now a days that do English accents, especially for punk rock, So I suppose it's natural that we get that kind of assumption.But the thing is, especially with the reviews of the CD we have out now, we've got a song on there called " Ten Years" which really explains that I've been over here for ten years, well eleven now. So I thought that would stop that conclusion, but apparently people don't read lyrics.
Graham: I don't see why people make such a big deal about it.
Neil: I don't know,it's always going to continue I suppose, until we get bigger.
Liz: So what do you want to say to those people?
Dave: Fuck off!!
Neil: To Bad, Fuck Off. I AM from fucking England!
Jay: I wish I was from fucking Mississippi.
Vinnie: Now that sounds like a fucking sentence!
Dave: Fuck no! Mississippi rules!
Vinnie: Mississippi was fun?
Dave: Fuck yea man, I mean I would never live there again.



Vinnie: So it wasn't that fun
Dave: Well, I learned how to dodge a pistol real quick.
Liz: Do you guys get that kind of shit out in Austin?
Dave: Fuck no.
Vinnie: No, Austin's hip.
Dave: Ya, Austin's real hip, you know?
Neil: You don't even think about it either. Especially when I see friends in England and they say "Man, fucking people stare at you everywhere you go." And I don't think that I look that outlandish, I mean I've got some tattoos, but, the thing is , these days, you can walk around with piercings and fucking ear holes this big and tattoos on your face, and I can look pretty normal compared to that to be honest. Ya know, but every once in a while you get looks.
Graham: Last time I got punched in the mouth was in Houston when I asked a skinhead to dance.
Liz: How did you get hooked up with T.K.O. records?
Neil: We did a split single with the Lower Class Brats and Mark at T.K.O. had picked up one of our singles before, and was interested in hooking up with us so we sent him like our latest demo or something, and it just kinda escalated from there.We really got along well with everyone at T.K.O.. We've now got an album, two EPs and we've got a CD to be released in May, or June off '99, possibly of the first two singles and some other stuff, and we're going to do our second album in the fall of '99
Liz: When's your next tour? Weren't you saying something about April?
Neil: Ya, T.K.O.'s second anniversary. We're going to drive out and do a few shows in California, and then a weekend in San Francisco.
Liz: Cool, so you guys got any wild road stories?
Neil: We break down every fuckin' twenty minutes.
Jay: And we had a blow out
Liz: Wow, so what do you guys do, Just pray?
Vinnie: I want to know which one of you guys out on the road... well first of
all, do you guys got wives or old ladies?
Dave: Not me, I have nothing.
Brent: I've got a husband.
Vinnie: Who's bangin' the most broads on tour?Sorry, I'm taking this interview
over!
Liz: Oh, go ahead
Dave: Not me.
Vinnie: Come on man, one groupie?
Dave: None.
Vinnie: Not even a fat ,ugly, skanky lookin' plaid boot wearin'...
Dave: Nothing!
Liz: So you guys play with a lot of skinhead bands?
Neil: Kind of.
Graham: Not really skinhead bands, but bands with skinhead followings
Liz: Brent, what's it like being gay in the scene, like playing to skinhead crowds?
Brent: Well, you know, we run into the occasional group of morons, but we take them with a grain of salt
Liz: Have their reactions ever been hostile?
Brent: Well, it's pretty much just having to sit there and listen to them.
Neil: If they pick on Brent, then they have the rest of us to deal with.
Liz: And Brent, you have a Chihuahua! Tell us about her.
Brent: She's the cutest little Chihuahua in the world!
Graham: She's smaller than Astro (Editor's note: that's my dog).
Brent: She's a little fireball!
Jay: She's molesting my dog as we speak! (Another editors note: Jay has a really cute white French Bull dog)
Liz: So how long has the tour been?
Neil: About three weeks now, and we've got about five days left.
Liz: Is this your first tour?
Neil: Essentially, I would say. We've been out before, but we were booked with bands we didn't fit in with, so there was no use playing for an audience that didn't care about the music you played. This is definitely the most extensive tour to date.
Liz: How does your van smell?
Neil: OOO, bad.
Brent: Yea, it stinks.
Liz: Are you looking forward to going back in there?
Brent: No
Liz: So are you two from Texas? (Brent and Graham)
Brent: I'm from Detroit, I've been in Austin for like six years.
Graham: I'm from Austin.
Vinnie: Detroit! home of Ted Nugent!
Brent: That's right
Graham: Motor city madman
Dave: Blech!!
Vinnie: (offended) You're not down with Nugent?
Dave: Fuckin' hate Ted Nugent!
Vinnie: Oh man.
Graham: Iggy Pop and Kiss.

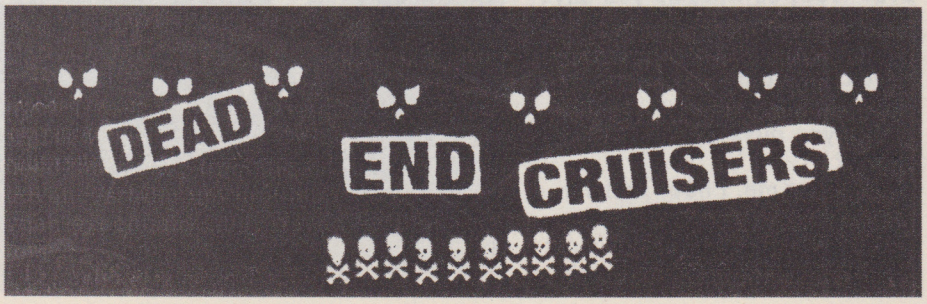


Dave: Kiss is from New York.
Vinnie: You guys don't like Ten Nugent, Nugie Baby?
Dave: Fuckin hate him.
Graham: I saw him once.
Vinnie: I can see you hating like new Nugent or DAMN YANKEES or something. But dude, the MOTOR CITY MADMAN? Up there with fuckin' jungle tights and feathers in his hair...
Dave: "Wang dang, sweet poontang"!
Vinnie: Exactly, man. (laughter)
Vinnie: "Strangle hold", man.
Dave: Naw.
Graham: Fuckin' right wing idiot.
Liz: How did you guys come up with the name DEAD END CRUISERS?
Dave: It's from a SOCIAL DISTORTION song
Liz: Did you guys toss other names around or was that just it?
Dave: That was it. They did one show as the DEAD END CRUISERS that was Neil and the old guitar player and the drummer from a band called STRATFORD and this friend of ours "Scuz" on bass. And it went alright. I mean, the drummer never played w/ them before and the bass player couldn't play bass. (laughter) That's about it... (to Neil) What was that other thing going to be? THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO?
Neil: Oh fuck, I forgot about that, yeah.
Graham: Yeah, THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO!
Neil: FIREBALL XL5!
Liz: The 5LX...?
Neil: FIREBALL XL5 (Neil's got a thick English accent). You never see the THUNDERBIRDS? (makes marionette gesture w/hands) They're big puppets.
Dave: They're fuckin' cool! They drive around in spaceships...
Neil: FIREBALL XL5 I think is the oldest one 'cause I remember it being black and white. As a kid growing up, I remember they were fucking cool.
Liz: Is it the...not the...aw, I can't think of it. I was going to say the BUGABOOS? (laughter)
Dave: the BUGALOOS?
Jay: Sid and Marty Kroft's the BUGABOOS! (laughter)
Vinnie: (singing theme song) They're in the air and everywhere. Flyin' high, flyin' free...
Liz: So anyway, who booked your tour this time?



Dave: T.K.O. did.
Liz: Did you guys get hooked up with a van too?
Neil: Yeah, we used the money from the advances from the first album so, yeah essentially, they payed for that too.
Liz: Who else is on T.K.O.?
Dave: THE BODIES, THE BELTONES, THE TRUENTS, WORKIN' STIFFS, THE RANDUMBS, THE FORGOTTEN, US BOMBS, THE UPSETS, THE DROPKICK MURPHYS...
Liz: How would you describe your music ?
Dave: '77 punk rock and roll; (sarcastically) kinda ska-core, kinda pop, kinda punk-a-billy. (laughter)
Liz: Well, next time you guys come to town, maybe I'll have my tattoo machine up and running and I can give you guys some tattoos.
Dave: Cool.
Liz: I need the practice.
Neil: Well we've each got two arms.
Graham: We were going to get these kanji... what was it?
Dave: "To play music, to drink, to vomit".
Liz: What are kanjis?
Dave: Japanese characters.
Liz: Oh, I get it. For some reason I was thinking it was like a sea shell.
Dave: A conch shell? (pointing to his forearm) Ya man, check out my cool conch shell tattoo! (laughter)
Neil: This would be my unicorn on my arm. (laughter)
Dave: Or "Walton Beach, Florida '85" across my arm. (yet more laughter)
Liz: Okay, tell us about the Tabasco incident.
Graham: They had this big, huge fuckin' bottle of Tabasco sauce behind the bar at the "Coco Drie" (club in San Francisco) and we were all really loaded and I was spouting off about California pussies and this and that and what a bunch of assholes. So, the fuckin' bartender dares me to... he said, "I'll set you up with anything you want to drink if you take a big swig from the Tabasco bottle. "And so I'm all loaded. So, I just grabbed it and dumped it (makes gurgling noises), slammed it down and shouted "TEXAS!" (raising arms in the air)
Liz: Were you hurting the next morning?
Graham: No, it's amazing.
Vinnie: What's with the dog tags? Texas state dog tags?(they're shaped like the state of Texas)
Dave: Yeah, rabies vaccination tags (the whole band wears them as pendants)
Vinnie: Oh, those are real dog tags?
Dave: Yeah.
Liz: They should have California ones. Although, I guess they'd look kind of dopey shaped like California. Texas kind of looks like Africa.
Dave: It does.
Liz: Do you guys have scary neighborhoods like this one? (downtown L.A.)
Dave: Yeah. A place Neil and I lived in for a couple years on the east side. You'd hear gun shots and shit down the street. But nobody ever fucked with us. One night I fell asleep in the den and I woke up when I heard this "BAP,BAP,BAP!"and we had the front door barricaded. I looked out and there's this motherfucker in our front yard shooting at somebody.
Liz: Wow! Well, I think I'm going to wrap this up so, if anybody wants to get some stuff from you, where should they write to?

PO Box 650050, Austin, TX 78765.



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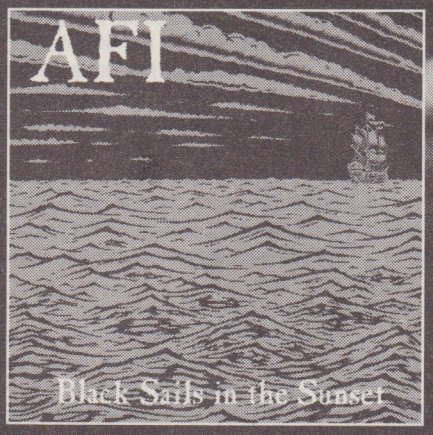

Black Sails in the Sunset

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CHICKEN GORDITAS FOR THE SOUL by Mike Stickel

Police Chaplain Adam Spinnbarkeitt arrived in the trauma room of Mercy Hospital to find the girl already dead. "You're too late, Pastor" said Officer Cavandpag, looking up from writing in his notebook. Pastor Spinnbarkeitt glanced at the badly burned naked figure on the stretcher under the OR lights. Entubation sprouting from the mouth, large caliber IVs in both arms, nasogastric tube up her nose, Foley catheter shoved in her bladder.

"Oh dear, what happened to her?"

"Name is Kismet Dahlberg, age fifteen. Citizen on a snowmobile found her face down in the ditch on County Road E about nine tonight. She was alive when she was brought in. Severe trauma to the back of the head. Burned with an accelerant. Rape kit showed semen in the mouth and throat. Looks like a scumbag forced her to suck his cock, er, penis, while hitting the back of her head with a blunt instrument; probably a ballpeen hammer. Then he tossed her in the ditch and poured gas on her. Luckily, her school ID was in her front pocket and wasn't burned."

"Did the girl say anything before she died?"

"Uh huh. Just before she was entubated, she opened her eyes and said, 'Viva Gorditas'."

"I love Gorditas! Especially the chicken Santa Fe ones," said Pastor Spinnbarkeitt.

"I know, I do too, but with beef." Officer Cavandpag tore-off a page of his notebook. "Here's her family's address in Apple Valley. Could you notify the family and bring a member to the county morgue in a couple hours to identify?"

"Sure." Pastor Spinnbarkeitt looked down at the piece of paper, "Vikings by six, tomorrow?"

"I've got $500 on the Vikes by nine."

"Not with Randall McDaniel's knee!"

"We'll see," Officer Cavandpag smiled.

"Do you know if there's a Taco Bell around here?" asked the pastor.

On 35W heading south to Apple Valley, eating his third chicken Santa Fe Gordita, dispatch requested Pastor Spinnbarkeitt see Sergeant Kunst at a certain address in the Chateau Manor Mobile Home Park in Mud Lake. Taking the next exit, he turned around, still hungry.

A firetruck, three prowlers, an ambulance, an Animal Control van, and the county coroner's SUV, were parked on the street in front of the mobile home he was looking for. Pastor Spinnbarkeitt parked and headed toward the address, counting seven crying children huddled in the back of two of the squads. He watched them become hysterical when they saw an Animal Control officer dragging a pitbull toward his van at the end of a long pole. He walked through the small crowd that gathered in the twelve-below zero temp. Sergeant Kunst was sitting in one of the empty squads writing notes.

"What's up, Pete?" said the pastor, sliding in next to him.

The disgust on the sergeant's face was clear. "We got a 911 call about a half-hour ago about a baby not breathing. When the officer and EMT's responded we found a two-month old boy with a moldy chicken wing stuffed halfway down its throat. Mother claims one of the kids gave it to him. EMT's were unable to resuscitate. The mother and her sister live here with their seven kids, three dogs, five cats, five rabbits, seventeen gerbils in an aquarium, and two parakeets."

"Oh my!"

"Feces, pet carcasses, dirty clothes, and garbage are over a foot-deep through-out the home. There's no food in the home except for a moldy bucket of KFC, the electricity has been shut-off for a month, the water pipes are frozen, and apparently the toilet hasn't been flushed in several days."

"My goodness!"

"The sister is out drinking in a local tavern and an officer has been assigned to find her and bring her back. Children's Services have been informed and the kids will be taken to St Joseph's. The mother is under arrest for suspicion of child neglect. She's hysterical and refuses to leave the home until she sees a chaplain."

A television news van rolled by and parked in the middle of the street. "We'd prefer not to make a scene."

"I understand."

As they approached the pre-manufactured home, the door opened and the coroner and his assistant came out carrying a tiny bundle in a maroon bag strapped to a stretcher. The TV reporter and her crew rushed forward.

"Packers by seven, tomorrow, Pastor," said the coroner. Sergeant Kunst and the TV news crew burst out laughing.

"In your dreams, Coroner!" said Pastor Spinnbarkeitt.

"Brett Favre is the True Savior," said the coroner. "Tomorrow at three, I'll be in the Cheesehead section of the Dome!"

"You've got tickets!"

They continued on their way to the coroner's SUV, his pretty Vietnamese assistant stuck her tongue out at the pastor and crossed her eyes as she walked past.

The sergeant led the way carrying a flashlight. "Breathe through your mouth," he warned.

They stepped as carefully as they could toward the distraught woman in handcuffs attended by a rookie.

"Is this the priest?" she sobbed.

"This is Police Chaplain Pastor Spinnbarkeitt," said Sergeant Kunst. "He's non-denominational."

"But I wanted a priest!"

"My, my! What seems to be the trouble, now?"

"Oh Pastor, they think I killed my baby! And they want to take the rest of me and Linda's children away and put them in foster homes!

"Oh, you know that's not true, er..." he looked at Sergeant Kunst.

"Debbie."

"Er, Debbie."

"Oh Pastor, please pray with me!"

Pastor Spinnbarkeitt sighed and glanced at his watch. "I'm afraid I don't have time, Debbie,"

"But Pastor, what should I do?!"

"Try reading one of those 'Chicken Soup For The Soul' books. They're quite inspirational."

Quietly sobbing, her spirit broken, Sergeant Kunst and the rookie led the mother outside, Pastor Spinnbarkeitt tiptoeing through the garbage behind them.

Pastor Spinnbarkeitt finally found the Dahlberg's home in a cul-de-sac after more than an hour of looking. He smiled when he saw the purple snowman in the front yard with a yellow '64' spray-painted on it. The curtains rustled slightly as the pastor walked up the freshly-shoveled sidewalk. He knocked at the door.

It opened immediately. A couple in their early forties peeked-out at him, wide-eyed.

"Are you Mr and Mrs Dahlberg?"

"Yes," said the man.

"I'm Police Chaplain Spinnbarkeitt. Do you have a daughter named Kismet?"

The woman began to cry.

"What is it?" said Mr Dahlberg. "Is Kismet hurt?"

"Oh my goodness no! I'm afraid I have to tell you that she's dead."

Mrs Dahlberg moaned. Mr Dahlberg turned white and started to sway on his feet.

"May I come in?" Pastor Spinnbarkeitt followed as Mr Dahlberg guided Mrs Dahlberg to the sofa. "I hope you realize this part of my job is stressful on me, too!"

"What happened, Pastor?" asked Mr Dahlberg after taking a long pull from a bottle of Wild Turkey.

"A snowmobiler found her lying facedown in a ditch on County Road E. She had been orally raped, bludgeoned, and set on fire."

Mrs Dahlberg raked her nails down her cheeks.

"'God never gives us more than we can handle'," said the pastor. "It was either Ann Landers or Dear Abby who said that."

Mr Dahlberg took another swig of Wild Turkey. "Was she dead when they found her?"

"No. Your daughter died at Mercy Hospital." Pastor Spinnbarkeitt suddenly brightened, "She did say something before she died, though!"

"What?" Mr and Mrs Dahlberg said together.

"'Viva Gorditas'." The pastor quietly belched.

Mrs Dahlberg started sobbing again. "She really loved that Taco Bell dog!"

As they stared at Mrs Dahlberg's histrionics, Pastor Spinnbarkeitt talked quietly out of the side of his mouth, "Mr Dahlberg, I'd like you to come with me to the county morgue to make a proper identification."

Mr Dahlberg's face turned gray. He took a pull of Wild Turkey. "Honey? I have to go downtown with Pastor Spinn... er, the pastor, to, um, make sure." He went to the closet and put on his coat.

Mrs Dahlberg shrieked and tore at her hair.

As they walked out the door, Pastor Spinnbarkeitt turned to her and said, "Remember, things can always be worse!"

Once outside, on the way to the car, Pastor Spinnbarkeitt said, "Vikes by six, you think?"

"Vikings by six," confirmed Mr Dahlberg. "Thank God Robert Smith is quarterbacking."

"Yes, he is surely a blessing!" said the pastor with real passion. "By the way, is there a Taco Bell with a drive-thru around here?"

the end

MuSICK REVIEWS

reviewers: SC=Sal Cochino, JB=James Burton, ED=ShitEd
This is a punk zine, so don't be a dip and send metal or hippieshit for review. On the other hand, go ahead 'cause I can get a buck apiece for your crap at Liquid Music in East Pasadena...

All Systems Go!: Future Collectors Item EP CD EP
I borrowed this CD for a friend of mine who should be my new best friend because this CD fuckin' ROCKS!!! With ex-members of Canada's Doughboys in John Kastner on vocals & guitar AND Big Drill Car's Frank Daly on vocals & guitar, Mark Arnold on guitar & backing vocals and newcomer, Canadian Matt Taylor on drums. This is a 5 song demo CD EP but contains 6 songs. Obviously one song was not properly noted. Anyway they rock just as hard as Doughboys and twice as pop-pretty as Big Drill Car. I recommend that Cruz (where have you been) or better yet Epitaph or even Fat Wreck pick these guys up because they deserve to be putting out records! They've already proven themselves... TWICE! SOOOO WHAT ARE YOU FUCKERS WAITING FOR!! (No Address) -SC

All Systems GO!: Born Ready CDR
Okay, I already gave a review of the CD-EP. This is the same thing BUT it has ALL the songs they recorded for the full-length. 11-songs of pure fucking pop heaven! Again, what are you labels waiting for? Them to break-up so you can say, "I was gonna put it out but..." Fuck off bastards!!! These guys deserve the world they made! Is that enough of ego boost? I think so! Recommended!!!! Entercom Management, 372 Richmond St. West #205, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M5V 1X6 -SC

American Fuse, The: One Fell Swoop CD
Okay, sit down again. This may take awhile... The bass player was in 80's arena-rock bands, The Cult and Lord Tracy. The producer produced Rev. Horton Heat. And this release was mixed by the guy who did some of Queen, Hall & Oates, and Queensryche's recordings. You may be wondering, what all this has to do with punk rock? Well... Um... Nothing! This record rocks without telling me all this useless nonsense horseshit stuff. Their sound is kinda like that of the New York Dolls, MC5 and at times like a harder not so Tex-ified Rev. Horton Heat. I like it! Hell, I'll even recommend it... Idol Records, POB 720043, Dallas, TX 75372 -SC

Angry Samoans: s/t CD
Goddamn, this crapola makes Green Day sound hardcore. Weakass melodee-pop that couldn't pick up a penny with a crane. Damn, this stuff really sucks! It really does! I may have to cut this review short because I think I feel a puke coming on. Triple X Records, POB 862629, Los Angeles, CA 90086-2529.-JB

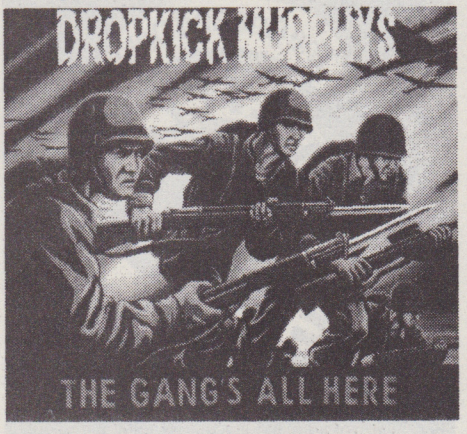
Angry Samoans: The 90's Suck And So Do You! CD
Since 1978 the Angry Samoans have been making some of the best punk tunes that eventually became classics. Here we are in 1999 and they're still doing it. Don't get me wrong, this isn't "Back From Samoa" 'Again', '2', 'II' or anything. This is more of the 60's garage punk stuff. It has Metal Mike singing and playing guitar and the stuff's reminiscent of the Ramones. These are all-new recordings of all-new songs. Not the original line-up either. Triple X Records, POB 862529, Los Angeles, CA 90086-2529 -SC

Assmen, The: Enema Nation CD
The Assmen are from Erie, PA. That's Pennsylvania to the skool slackers. Their asses play old school 77-78 punk from what their write up tells me. I like The Assmen because of their logo, and because they write songs like; "I Wanna Date Your Daughter", "Beer Is Good Food", "Hot Pearl Necklace", and "Adjusting My Nuts". Definitely a cool CD for your Wednesday Night Bi(b)le Study Group thing... Dirty Records, POB 6869, Glendale, AZ 85312 -SC

Atomic Bombs: Bigot CD
You know—between the anti-PC bands surging up through the punk'n'roll movement and the more aggressive OC bands who play offensive early-80's hardcore, I think there is lots of hope for the scene after all. The reaction against the weak pop-punk and emopop bands AND the str8edge bands AND the cryptocommie fucks that MRR pushes is fully underway. I am so happy. Here's a good one. They sound like they could have come up in the early So Cal scene with Secret Hate, Fear and TSOL. Here are songs about bigotry, cannibalism, a spoof of animal rights/veganism about hearing a carrot scream as it's pulled from the earth, trashing corporations and employers, against drug abuse, against the combination of corporations and government curtailing our liberty, and loneliness in general. They make fun of lame shit beautifully, so very obnoxious! Also, someone in the band is tremendously smart, because the back of the booklet says: "YOU ARE WHO YOU HATE." That is one of the fundamental truths of psychological resistance, that if you fight something hard enough you bcome that thing. This is a good band: they have the old sound (none of that newschool shit!) and a hardass punk rock attitude. Find and get this CD! Solidarity First Records, 7201 Archibald 4-187, Rancho Cucamonga, CA 91730.-ED

Black Monday: s/t CD
Holy shit, is it my imagination or does this band sound a hell of a lot like Social Distortion? Talk about cloned. Where the fuck is the originality? Fuck, I could play this shit at a party and tell everyone that it's Social D. and I doubt anyone will be able to tell the difference. Still, to give credit where it's due, this is very good stuff. Fans of TSOL, Social D. and Bad Religion will like this one. Very good, though very derivative. Bad Habit Records, POB 691705, West Hollywood, CA 90069.-JB

Bouncing Souls, The: Tie One On CD EP



This is a live recording from New York City's Continental released as an 8-song EP with a bonus song which is an unreleased studio track titled, "Kid". "Kid" is a very good song in fact, reminded me a bit of The Misfits. This is very, very Oi! inspired music. You can bounce your soles to it. If you liked Bouncing Souls before then you'll dig this. It's pretty much the same, just live, like when you're at a show watching them. Track #8, "Here We Go" was my favorite tune on the disc. I've never heard this band before but live their back-up vocals are a... how shall we say... a just bit off! Bouncing Souls 'LIVE'! You be the judge. Epitaph Records, 2798 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 98026 -SC

Bulemics, The: Old Enough To Know Better, Too Young To Care CD
The Bulemics are fucking punk rock 'n' roll mother-fucker! This band is very horror and chick involved. Which ain't a bad thing to be into. Just listen to, "Horny For Evil" and "Blood Orgy". They have a very garagey sound. Pounding! Live, they probably kick ass. Pentagrams right when you open it up and some chick on a toilet pinching a growler! You can't go wrong!! The cover, however, was a little bit too sexist for me and my taste. There was nipple showing through a T-shirt. Shhhh. Oh my god, BOOBS?!?! Recommended!! Junk Records, POB 1474, Cypress, CA 90630 -SC

Choking Victim: No Gods / No Manager CD
I listened to 16 seconds of this and it was good. Then the Mickey Mouse Club came on! I HATE SKA!!! This claimed to be Satanic Ska, I was lied to! Satan can't be that happy! If he is, it's because ska has taken over! Ska is the true devil's music!! Once again, I HATE SKA!!! If you like Rancid, fuck you go buy this shite! Hellcat Records, 2798 Sunset Blvd., LA, CA, 90026 -SC

Chupa Cabra: Flake Out King CD
This sounds a hell of a lot like MTV flavored grungepop. I can hear some Melvins, Spacehog, and Soundgarden in this sucker (I doubt the EMpTyV pricks remember those bands; most of them are 'punk rockers' now. Posers.), as well as some Nirvana. This is definitely grunge. I think this stuff really sucks, but if you like this stuff, go ahead and buy it. Captive Records, 117 N. 5th Street, #3 rh, Brooklyn, NY 11211.-JB

Decay: Destiny CD
Decay is Japanese hardcore punk with some HC speedmetal. Is it just me, or does the singer sound like Dave Smalley of Down By Law? Don't believe me? See for yourself. This band almost reminds me of DYS, only more faster and more metallic. This shit fucking rocks! Suburban Home Records, 1750 30th Street #365, Boulder, CO. 80301.-JB

D.B.S.: I Is For Insignificant CD
Imagine four thirteen year-old punkers that are now eighteen! There you have D.B.S. in a nut shell. They reminded me of Blink 182. Except not as obnoxious though. Pretty poppy if you ask me. And you did cause you're reading this friggin' review! Aren't you? Take it or leave it. Not inspiring enough my taste. Canadian four-piece... Oh shit! I'm sorry, I've got to minus another point for having associated themselves with Anti-Flag! PROTEST ANTI-FLAG!! Sudden Death Records, Moscrop POB 43001, Burnaby, BC Canada, V5G 3H0 -SC

Dickie Staboner: The Next Level CD
Dickie Staboner are a Tempe, Arizona three-piece power-pop-punk outfit that play punk rock similar to that on the Fearless Records label. Dickie Staboner are powerful and melodic but the lead vocals are a bit off key most of the time and that certainly gets annoying after awhile. The songs from the U.K. compilation were the ones that caught my attention again. I'm somewhat disappointed in Staboner's full-length. If the singer starts singing a little more they could rule, honestly! 8 out of 10 on the Cochinoscale. Not bad overall. Unkle Kunkle Rekords, POB 2965, Tempe, AZ 85280-2965 -SC

DOA: The Lost Tapes CD
17 rare and/or unreleased tracks of good old—dare I say vintage?—DOA from the early 80's. Most of this is with Chuck Biscuits drumming, too! No these are not all unreleased SONGS. I don't have the whole DOA discography in front of me to reference (I just WISH I owned everything!), but most of these songs are very familiar. For anyone unfamiliar with this great band, they do a rough and ready streetpunk that is savage and in-your-fucking-face. Nostalgia time: first time I heard this band was the song "Disco Sucks" (which isn't on this CD dammit, I'd love an alternative version!), but which floored me with its unrestrained violent rejection of BeeGees culture. I was an instant fan, just for that one song. And I've enjoyed them ever since. "America The Beautiful" *IS* on here and it is my favorite track on this CD because of its raw, wild aggression. This is a good collection of tracks, one of which actually dates back to '79! Buy this CD. Sudden Death Records, Moscrop PO Box #43001, Burnaby, BC, Canada V5G 3H0.-ED

Dog Eat Dogma: Dogzilla CD
This release is also a CD-Rom Multi-Media thing released on Joey "Shithead" Keithley's (D.O.A.) record label. So if you've gots yourself a computer, then you'll be stylin'. If you not lucky enough to have one, like myself, then you're not missing anything. Okay, now the music part... Dog Eat Dogma are a Canadian three-piece that play this really well thought out heavy, loud, and at times funky punk rock. They sorta sounds like, but not exactly like NoMeansNo, D.O.A. and Refused in a blender. This has some horns but isn't all fuckin' Ska-ka 'n' shit. I really enjoyed the tunes on this disc. If you want to, go out and get it. But if you don't? Don't go blaming me! Recommended!! Sudden Death Records, Moscrop POB 43001, Burnaby, BC Canada, V5G 3H0 -SC

Dropkick Murphys: The Gang's All Here CD
Hard, violent streetpunk with more edge and fury than most bands of this type. It's somewhat less gaelic sounding than earlier records, more

Business and less Stiff Little Fingers this time around. Have I mentioned yet that this is really good? And despite my references above to a couple of old world bands, the Dropkicks are very American. So call this perhaps the best American oi band in the whole country. The anthems/singalongs are catchy and stirring as usual. What's added this time around is on some cuts an increase in sheer ferocity from the last record. This band rules. There's melodic stuff, there's hardcore stuff. Get this CD. Hellcat/Epitaph 2798 Sunset Blvd., LA, CA 90026.-ED

Ed Temple: The Act Of Gabriel CD
This isn't exactly punk rock. This is more of an emo-rock type of thing. Sounds a tad like your Seaweed's and your Sense Field's "rip-off, knock-off" type bands. I originally thought this CD was a soundtrack to someones art/drama project in college. I did however like track #9, "Alone". As for the rest, I don't quite get it. But my wife sure does enjoy it. Thanks... Blue Moon Recordings, 2075 S. University Blvd. #264, Denver, CO 80210 -SC

Epperley: Sophomore Slump CD
First off, Epperley thank Buffy the Vampire Slayer... Why? Because they had one of their songs played on the hit TV series. This bands is very radio friendly too. I can't pin-point who they sound like though?!?! Something of a cross between Urge Overkill or Foo Fighters (slower songs) at times, and/or The Pixies and Soul Asylum. I'm very high at the moment and tired right now, so don't quote me. This Tulsa, Oklahoma band rocks, they're upbeat and fun. Track # 3, "You're so 1988" is my fave tune on the disc. It's about as catchy as a twenty-five cent Whore with an STD. I like listening to this while I'm washing the dishes or cleaning the house. I wouldn't recommend driving to it because you might end up somewhere far from home. And if you're married, you know, that's not a good thing. Triple X Records, POB 862529, Los Angeles, CA 90086-2529 -SC

Epperley: Sophomore Slump
TILT! TILT! TILT! TILT! TILT! TILT!..... Holy shit! This crap actually made my suck detector fucking malfunction. Damn, this shit really does suck! Imagine Everclear and Silverchair, only worse. Add some cheesy-ass keyboard and other sci-fi techno crap and you get this piece of shit! YEECH! Buy this and you're a fag! Triple X Records, POB 862629, Los Angeles, CA 90086-2529.-JB

Ensign: Cast The First Stone CD
This release really suprised me. When I first picked it up I absolutely knew I was gonna hate it... but, as a matter of fact, I didn't! I thought it really rocked. I was expecting that Revelation hardcore thing. You know, kinda New York Style Hardcore but I was wrong, this is fast-paced punk-ified hardcore -Nitro Records Style Hardcore-... Not a bad release! Chalk up another one for Nitro! Recommended!! Nitro Records, 7071 Warner Ave. #F-736, Huntington Beach, CA 92647 -SC

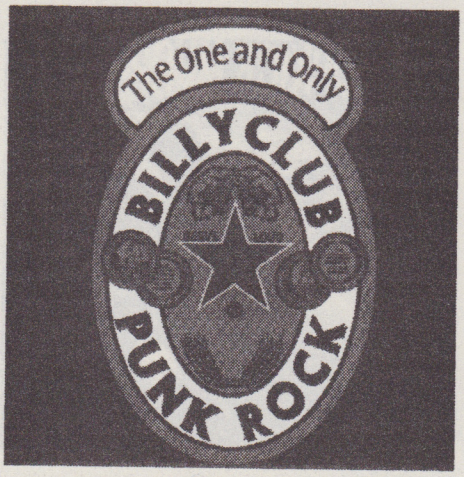
Face To Face: The First Seven Years Video
Contains the history and live footage of the band from '92-'99, including a riot at one of their shows, Warped Tours '95 through '97, Sno-Core, and a tour in Japan in '95. This video also tells you alot about the members of the band, including when they joined the bands, their personalities, their fear of flying, etc. Influenced by Bad Religion and the Descendents, Face To Face plays melodicore with an emo edge which almost sounds like ALL if only Greg Graffin exchanged singing duties with Milo Aukerman (instead of Chad Price) with Brett as second guitar. Also, look for the music videos after the movie. This video is a must have for Face To Face fans. I thought some of the footage was pretty cool, but I think the band sucks. Vagrant Records, 2118 Wilshire Blvd. #361, Santa Monica, CA 90403.-JB

F.Y.P: Incomplete Crap Vol.2 CD
Q:What is four feet tall, has 800 feet and no pubic hair? A: 200 fans waiting outside the Palladium to see F.Y.P live. Ha! Ha! Ha! This is some of FYP's earlier stuff, '88-'97. Their early stuff is very hardcore, while most of it are more melodic. I think it's rather odd how they took the youthfulness ruse of punk rock and exaggerated it almost to the point of making fun of it. This stuff is fairly decent. Recess Records, POB 1112, Torrance, CA 90505.–JB
(I'd like to point out that math is not James' strength... -ED)

Gameface: Every Last Time CD
Every first time I put on a CD I a... what was I talking about? This disc is really emo-pop oriented. Orange's Gameface are kinda hip, kinda wow, kinda now! Sounds like Seaweed. Sounds like Samiam. Nothing new but it's still kinda special. Guys, your girlfriends will like it more than you will... Revelation Records, POB 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232 -SC

GBH: Punk Junkies CD
I've been a huge fan of GBH for years now, so where do I start? Okay, let's see, this is GBH first release in a few years BUT this was actually released back in 1997? Hmmmm!?! It doesn't sound like their earlier releases like "City Baby's..." or anything but does kinda sounds like their later release "Church of the Truly Warped". Double-bass punk-metal heaven. The original threesome still rock hard and newcomer, Scott (drums) does a fantastic job on this CD. Track #8, "Don't Drag Me Back" is one of my favorite tunes on this disc. The brand new studio album is 75% done from what I understand but they're looking for an American label. Can you say... Epitaph? Hurry up! I want my new GBH!!! (Licensed from We Bite Records) Triple X Records, POB 862529, Los Angeles, CA 90086-2529 -SC

GBH / Billyclub: Punk as Fuck Split CDEP
The CD starts off with GBH. I love GBH but these songs weren't really um, um, um... catchy. The production seemed kinda shoty on the GBH tunes. Especially track #3 "Last of the Teenage Idol". These are all covers from The Rezillo's, The Lurkers, and Alex Harvey. The Billyclub songs, on the other hand, are great. Although these songs aren't exactly new, with the exception of track #4, "Rat Cafe" the rest are remixed and sound fucking great. This band, for some reason reminds me a lot of Poison Idea. The other Billyclub songs include "Couch Boy" and



"Dumbfuck". This was, I understand, a 'tour only' promo CDEP. So I recommend you go out and find it then add it to your collection. Recommended!! Idol Records, POB 720043, Dallas, TX. 75372 -SC

Goober Patrol: The Unbearable Lightness Of Being Drunk CD
How could I not like this record! A bunch of Drunk Limey Pricks, I willing to bet! Just kidding!! As long as they're drunk... I'm happy! This a good record with songs like; "1000th Beer", the title track, "High Time", "Watch Us Drown", and "I Forget Your Name" you can not go wrong. If you like Snuff you'll like Goober Patrol. The Goober aren't as polished as Snuff but they can hold their own. Another point for FAT!!! Fat Wreck Chords (somewhere in Frisco) -SC

Hagfish: Caught Live CD
This record was recorded in Dallas, Texas at a club called Trees. Seventeen tracks of previously released tunes except that these versions are live! If you like Hagfish then why wouldn't you like this CD? Alex Gherst (responsible for such albums as the last Merciful Fate and King Diamond) engineered this recording on a 36 track mobile studio. YUCK!! Coldfront Records, POB 8345, Berkeley, CA, 94707 -SC

Jones Crusher: NY Pulp CD
From the verbiage this CD came with it reads 'Electric Frankensteins punk kid brother from New York'. This is a cool release from these here East Coast trio. Very NY-style punk rock 'n' roll in the vein of Dead Kennedys (early) to a tad bit of D-Generation (recent) but not much. There's two cover tunes on here as well, "What do I get?" and Wall of Voodoo's classic "Mexican Radio". I give this a high 9! Cause I wasn't high when I listened to it. From the nice people at: Coldfront/Sin City Records, POB 8345, Berkeley, CA, 94707 -SC

The Judas Factor: Ballads in Blue China CD
Try crossbreeding SSD, Earth Crisis, and Youth Of Today with Fugazi and Born Against and you get this interesting hybrid. This is mostly hardcore, while some of the songs are also emo (and a few are even combinations of the two). For those who are into stuff like emo and HC might want to check this out. I'd give this one a 'B'. Revelation Records, POB 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232.–JB

Kill Holiday: Somewhere Between The Wrong Is Right CD
These guys are from San Diego. Best description I can think of is Morrisey meets Sense Field... I, I, I, I, I, I, I'm sooo sorry! If this review is in the issue in your hands then I'm still alive from my attempted suicide... Revelation Records, POB 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232 -SC

Lower East Side Stitches: Staja98L.E.S. CD
Generic poppunk similiar to . Also has a little bit of 70's style punkabilly in a couple of songs. Comes off sounding like John Cougar Concentration Camp, Bigwig, maybe even Rancid one moment, then it starts sounding a bit like the Humpers and the Dead Boys the other. Not bad. NG Records, 61 Van Dam Street, 2nd Floor, New York, NY 10013.-JB

Limp: Guitarded CD
I had never heard Limp's music before this release. Now that I have I'm really interested in the band. They are really good at faking writing very well written pop-punk tunes. Phil's (Lead Vocals & Guitar) voice reminds me of Fat Mike's voice but not as snotty. Just a bit more melodic. Track #2, "Bike Ride" and "DJ" are my ultimate favorite tunes on the disc. They kinda have that NOFX (and at times Weezer) feel but not as quirky, funny and original.. This is more serious in a way. Catchy as fuck. I can't wait to see these guys live with ALL. Honest Don's (Ass, Gas, Grass... Nobody Ride's For Free) POB 192027, Frisco, CA 94119-2027 -SC

McRackins: Comic Books and Bubble Gum CD
Fifteen tracks of pure melodic Canadian pop-punk delight. Great production. Great musicianship all the way around. I like this shite! Not being very familiar with the McRackins material, I've become a fan! Coldfront seems to be doing a good job at selecting its bands. This is the first record from these guys in two years. I guess it was worth the wait! This record is for those of you who like bands like; Green Day, For Sale, MTX, and Screeching Weasel. I found myself listening to track #4 "Sick About You" over and over. Not a bad song on this release. I truly believe they are all about track #5 "We Like To Make Records". Recommended! Coldfront Records, POB 8345, Berkeley, CA, 94707 -SC

Me First and the Gimme Gimmes: Are A Drag! CD
This fucking rules! I heard these guys a while ago but they did nothing for me at first. Then on the DLP tour I heard so much of them I couldn't help but get hooked. Again, I'm hooked. All new 'show-tune' covers CD! In a word, fucking brilliant! With songs like Dorthy's (of Oz, you Wizard!) Somewhere "Over The Rainbow", Don't Cry For Me Argentina's "Evita", "My Favorite Things" (this track has a well known intro to it), a not-so boring version of "Phantom of the Opera", Annie's "Tomorrow" (I love ya...), etc. (that means it has other songs too). The band boast's its members that include Fat Mike (of Green Day), Joe and Dave (both of Lagwagon), Chris (of NUFAN), and Spike (of Swingin' Utters). By the way, I was kidding about Mike being from Green Day... He's really from Bad Religion! Duh?!?!?! This CD is brought to by the good people at... FAT (you know the rest) CHORDS -SC

The Metalunas: X-minus-one CD
60's surf pop?! Ack! Ack! Ack! Ack! Actually, this is pretty decent surf rock. The farfisa organ gives this thing kind of a spooky edge. Fans of the 50's-60's rockabilly/surf sound would like this. American Pop Project, POB 2271, San Rafael, CA 94912.-JB

Monsignors, The: Are You There God? It's Us... CD
This CD fuckin' scared me when I put it on. I heard saxophones and I thought to myself, Oh shite, Ska-ka! Then I heard some double-bass drum action kick in and I was saved. The opening track on this release blew me away. I only wished they'd kept it up there. They really don't wimp out or anything it just teeters on Ska-ka for a few uncomfortable

moments. They just need to do something else. It still fuckin' rocks, regardless. Drop the Ska-ka shite and you'll get a point back from me. Reminiscent of NUFAN (No Use For A Name), and VGS (Voodoo Glow Skulls). This is right up B.Y.O.'s alley. I almost got up the nerve to recommend this on the Cochinoscale! All you get is a 9 outta 10 - ain't bad for a Ska-ka tinged band... Coming from me that is. Good luck guys! Harmless Records, 1437 W. Hood, Chicago, IL 60660 -SC

Mustard Plug: Pray For Mojo CD
Produced by Bill Stevenson & Stephan Egerton (of ALL/Descendents fame). This is ska (at what seem to think, but not me) at it's best? I don't like ska! I never did AND I never will. Too fucking happy for me. If these guys rocked without the ska'd out horns they'd be, well okay, I guess. Production is great. Other than that, I can't give you my honest opinion because I'll go on forever and you'd probably say, "what does that have to do with the Pluggers on Mustard's third release?" So if you like ska, go out and get it because you probably have everything else that ska-ka music has had to offer since 1994. A quick note: Hopeless rules because they send gifts with just about all their releases. I like that!! Thanks Louis and Darren. Hopeless Records, POB 7495, Van Nuys, CA, 91409-7495 -SC

Nobody's: Generation XXX CD
This is pure adulterated porno-punk! I like it. A whole disc dedicate to mine and America's Favorite Pastime SEX!! The songs are reminiscent of Sloppy Seconds so, I was hooked at the get-go. Twenty-five songs almost all about sex! "Best Damn Tits (I've Ever Seen)", "Fat Hookers", "James Got A Blow Job", "I Love To Fuck", "Tania Got A Tit Job", "Joe's Sister", "Ain't No One Getting Laid", and "I Really Like Girls" are among the tunes that express a tinge of sexual gratification. I give this disc a "69" (HAHA) on the good ol' Cochinoscale. Hopeless Records, POB 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409 -SC

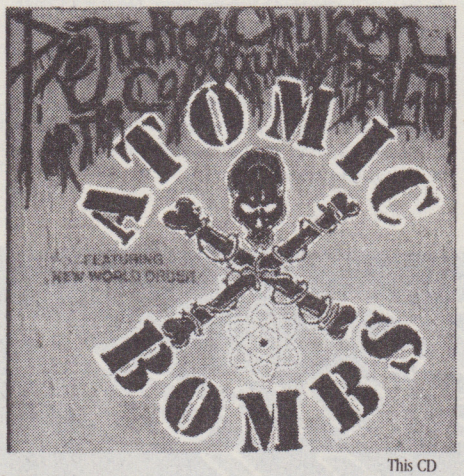
The Real McKenzies: Clash Of The Tartans CD
Rather pretty pop punk/power pop/traditional stuff with a celtic (Scots) theme. Being of partial Scottish ancestry myself, I had hopes for this to be as good as the celtic rockers Pogues, Rezillos and Dropkick Murphys. Not quite, but neither does this suck either. Comparatively very light-weight stuff punkwise, and that's even compared to the Rezillos, who at least can be counted upon to be totally over the top! The best tunes on this CD are the ones using pure celtic melodies like "Mainland" and "Wild Mountain Thyme", which do strong traditional treatments to the songs. By the way, the Stone of Kings they sing about and want returned by the English—how can it be returned to Tara (which is where it's originally from)? The Irish no longer have a high king, and methinks the Stewart Queen likes it where it is now! Sudden Death Records, Moscrop PO Box #43001, Burnaby, BC, Canada V5G 3H0.-ED

Pulley: Self-titled CD & CD-Rom
This is Pulley's third release. I didn't really like the first two Pulley albums. This one however isn't bad. This has that Epitaph/FAT sound that... well, frankly everyone ...is notorious for. This is the band that should have never been or should of called itself Ex-Members but too late Gabby (Cadillac Tramps) and Co. already have it! Pulley's 1999 bio boasts that they have ex-members of Strung Out, Ten Foot Pole, Scared Straight, and Face To Face. Although Matt (original face to facer) Riddle is not in the band anymore, he now plays with NUFAN (I think). Their newest member and bassist is that of Tyler Rebbe of Lobster Records band, Budget. Anyhow, this records hits lyrically on subjects such as betrayal, selfishness, loss and disease. The true genius of this record is that they all had a hand in it, writing and recording wise, and you can REALLY tell. Great job! Scott's harmony's have come a long way. Again, great job!! Oh? By the way Scott, I hope you enjoy your stay in St. Louis as a Cardinal. Us longtime LA Dodger fans are 'blue' already! Take care, Scotty! Epitaph Records, 2798 Sunset Blvd., IA, CA, 90026 -SC

Screeching Weasel: Screeching Weasel CD
This is a rerelease of their first album with some extra tracks, demos and the like, for a total of 37 songs. It is raw, straightahead and fast. Instead of concentrating on sped up Ramones like you're probably used to hearing (there is some on here), this is very influenced by early punk and hardcore punk like Agent Orange's first album, Samoans, Circle Jerks, Adolescents and the Flag. Naturally the ironic, nihilistic tone of that era comes oozing through the wounds this album makes on your backside. The liner notes are funny because Ben Weasel explains how crappy this is and how little he thinks of it! Punk fuckin' rock! I rather enjoy the charming simplicity and ferocity of this album. It reminds me of their contemporaries Stikky. It's fun to hear an obvious DOA riff being turned into blitzkieg thrash. Sure the songs are crude—so fucking what? At least they are real punk rock, which is more than I can say about most of the poppy melodicrud out there yearning for a label deal. While this isn't crucial like Black Flag's "Damaged" or the Bad Brain's "Rock For Light", still this is a ripping, obnoxious piece of great punk rock. Don't get it because it is "history"—get it because it is very enjoyable! I got some bad news for Ben, even though I know he won't give a fuck about my opinion (rightfully), I like this better than his new album on Fat! Why? It's more fun! Don't argue, buy this. Liberation (coreleased with VML), POB 17746, Anaheim, CA 92817.-ED

Sick Of It All: Call To Arms CD
Okay, what's up? What's going on here? Agnostic Front on Epitaph! Ensign on Nitro! Now... Sick Of It All on FAT? That's right kids... New York's anthemic Oilsters, S.O.I.A. are now on Fat Wreck Chords. Amazingly this record is pretty well written. I've never been a true fan of the S.O.I.A., but I just may have to be now! I guess change IS good! This record is fast (were they always this fast? some let me know!) N.Y. Punk Rock! I always thought they sounded like Biohazard or something to that respect but I was suprised they didn't. This CD actually rocked. These fucking labels are really opening my ears to a lot more these days... Thank you! If you were a fan - You'll love it! If you weren't a fan before - You will be! Recommended!! Fat Wreck Chords (everyone knows the address by now, right?) -SC

Snubnose: Self-titled CD



This CD fucking rocks except for the vocals. I didn't like the way he strained his voice on this release. It gets pretty normal when you get past the first song. Nothing new or special here. I still don't know what I really think of this CD. I need more time to let this grow on me. Lot's o' car crash photos though. That's always fun. They sound like there from Texas sometimes. Other than that boys and girls and hermi's... Check it out for yourself! Sin City Records, POB 8345, Berkely, CA 94707 -SC

Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, the: Live on KXLU CD
The SWC's fucking rule!! I enjoyed this fuckin' release the whole way through. Twice in a row. Track #2, "What's Coming To Me" reminded me of Devo's "Uncontrollable Urge". There are twelve live tunes recorded from the highly decorated college radio station KXLU in Los Angeles. Plus three bonus track produced by Mr. Wayne Kramer. Also, there's a song with Fishbone's Angelo Moore on Saxophone. *NOTE: Dino Everett is that Co-hosting fella from that nasty Cable TV show, "Colin's Sleazy Friends". Shove that in your crotchless panties. Triple X Records (the address hasn't changed since the last Triple X review) -SC

The Streetwalkin Cheetahs: Live on KXLU CD
This sounds a lot like ADZ and Damnation (hell, even the Humpers). Fast-paced punk and punkabilly, probably influenced by Iggy Pop aqnd MC5. This really isn't that bad at all. Anyone who likes MC5, Iggy Pop and the Dead Boys should check this one out. Triple X Records, POB 862629, Los Angeles, CA 90086-2529.-JB

Teen Idols: Pucker Up CD
Melodic punk type stuff in the vein of Green Day but better! way better!! Honest Don's is a cool label that releases anything it fucking pleases, I like that! Some hit - some miss. This is a hit in my book. The first three tracks are fucking great rocking tunes! The picture on the back of the CD case reminds me of the Badtown Boys second album pic. Rockabilly poses! But these guys have a chick on bass that is better looking than any Badtown Boy. This record is pop-punk rock as fuck. Recommended!! Honest Don's, POB 192027, SF, CA, 94119-2027 -SC

Twits, The: Self-titled CD
Phoenix, AZ kick ass hardcore punk. Female vocals by Fil Twat... I mean, Fil Twit are reminiscent to that of Kyrsten from Naked Aggression. This disc is definitely worth buying. The guitars are speed-picking punk rock and the music is hard and fast-paced. It actually gets you up off the couch and get yourself another beer. Well, at least it did this for me. I like the production on the background vocals, very anthemic. Over all, this is a great record. Recommended!! Dirty Records, POB 6869, Glendale, AZ 85312 -SC

Two Man Advantage: Drafted CD
Imagine the Hanson Brothers, only faster and a bit more harder without the Ramones influence and you get this. This is mostly melodic hockey punk comparable to Blount and the Vandals but gets hardcore on the second song. Pretty good. Royalty Records, 176 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016.-JB

Uphollow: Soundtrack to An Imaginary Life CD
REFUSED TO REVIEW! DID NOT ORDER!! TOO BORING!!!
ZZZZZzzzzz... Blue Moon Recordings, 2075 S. University Blvd. #264, Denver, CO 80210 -SC

V/A: Bite The Bullet CD
This CD sampler includes Dead Man's Choir, All Day (doing a Vandals cover tune), Italy's Raw Power, Das Klown (doing a Secret Hate cover), Drain Bramaged (doing a Reagan Youth cover), Dayglo Abortions, JFA, England's UK Subs and Doug (doing a Jawbreaker tune), Insult (going Circle Jerks), Arson Family (burning a Black Fag song), Australia's Toe to Toe, Electric Frankenstein and more. Ton's off unreleased songs on this. A must get for any Know Records fan. I give this the old two fingers up! Because of all the covers tunage, I will have to say... Recommended!! Know Records, POB 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809 -SC

V/A: Concrete and Cornfields 2 CD
A compilation of bands from the state of Illinois such as; Helldorado (electronic Ministry type-stuff), Bloody & the Vaynes (grungy rock), The Wasteoids (punky shite), Hydrogen Geeks (oozing ahhh poopy-punk), Stinky Pete (cowpunk), Dishwater (female-fronted metal shite), Snot Rocket (punk rock), Sody (upbeat punk), Electric Pants (sloppy low-fi garage rock), ArsoNick Scum (electronic Ministry panty-waste), Shake (folksy-poppy-rock), Idiom (bellchoir-core), Casual Man (heavy alterni-rock), Mental (low-fi rock), Planetary Gearhead (heavy metal at its ultimate worst), Axis (same as the last band, just a tad better at it. still sucked!), Mind's Eye (heavy grunge), Drayton Sawyer (samples were clearer than the music. same as the last couple of shites!), and Black 14 (alterni-rock). Bands to lookout for are: Stinky Pete, Snot Rocket, Sody, and Shake. Not a lot of good bands coming from Illinois, I see! The music state of Still Annoys ain't got it! Fanatic Records, POB 9021, Peoria, IL, 61612 -SC

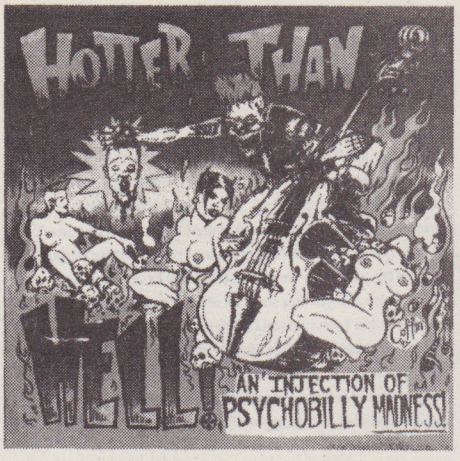
Various Artists: Hot Curly Weenie Vol.2 CD
Quincy Punx- fucking hardcore punk. Furious George is hardcore pop fronted by MRR columnist George Tabb. Some of you might know him. F.Y.P- the Hanson of punk rock. Fucking diapercore. The Grumpies are one of the more annoying melodicore bands. Sex Offenders- girl fronted melodicrap. Dwarves- reminds me of several 70's style punk'n'roll bands like the Dead Boys, the Dictators, and the Humpers. The Jag Offs- early 70's punk rock with female vocals. Berzerk- more female fronted punk rock, this time hardcore. Pud- sucks. Lameass melodipop crud. Hidden Resentments- more melodibore.The Stun Guns,the Kankersores (One of their songs '360' sounds kind of like a Born Against song.), and John Cougar Concentration Camp are all energetic and melodic punk rock. The Criminals sound like a melodic hardcore punk band with a bit of HC metal. The Crumbs are melodicore and I think a little bit of 70's British punk, similiar to Rancid. The Four Letter Words are punkabilly. Les Turds is light hardcore. Recess Records, POB 1112, Torrance, CA 90505.–JB

V/A: Hotter Than Hell comp CD
A psychobilly-centered comp with 27 tracks by: Hillbilly Hellcats, Hellbillys, Hayride To Hell, Helvis And The Helvettes, Los Infernos, The Hooligans, Bad Luck Streak, Barnyard Ballers, Curse Of The Pink Hearse, The Flametrick Subs, Three Blue Teardrops, The Belmont Playboys, Deadbolt, Fireballs, Mutilators, The Ditch Bank Okies, Reach Around Rodeo Clowns, Linkin' Logs, Bea Pickles, Cosmic Voodoo, Calavera, Pat C. Kline, Mad Sin, Los Gatos Locos, Brainbats, The Verdicts, and The Phantom Rockers. This comp is lots of fun—hillbilly music fit'n to the tastes of punk rockers. Lots of variety in the way the different bands sound. A lot of strong bands, including one of my local faves: Calavera. Recommended. Hairball 8, POB 26500 #111, San Diego, CA 92196.-ED

V/A: Punk As Fuck!!! split CDEP with GBH and Billyclub
GBH rocks "No", I'm On Heat" and "Last Of The Teenage Idols"; and Billyclub rips through "Rat Cafe", "Couch Boy" and "Dumbfuck". The Rezillos tune is an odd choice for GBH, but they slam it out in fine style. "Last Of The Teenage Idols" is particularly great, it thrashes very hard. Billyclub pounds all three of their songs to death so hard it's amazing. If anyone wants great, brutal British style hardcore, buy this split EP. Recommended. Idol Records, POB 720043, Dallas, TX 75372.-ED

Various Assholes: Goin' After Pussy (Teasers and Tidbits) CD
Here is a sampling of 18 bands influenced by the Dead Boys, Iggy Pop and the Stooges, and the Dictators , while a couple of bands like the Dimestore Haloes and Boris the Sprinkler who seem to be influenced by the Ramones. Unfortunately, most of the younger scenesters may not know how important the Dead Boys, MC5, and Iggy Pop were in the forming of the punk movement. The bands on this comp play that late 60's/mid 70's sound which was punk rock before it was even called punk rock with an 80's/90's speed. This comp includes bands like Electric Frankenstein, The Humpers, Manic Hispanic, Zeke, the New Wave Hookers, the Candy Snatchers, Jakkpot, and others. Junk Records, POB 1474, Cypress, CA 90630.-JB

Vindictives, The: Partytime For Assholes CD
This is a twenty-five song covers CD by The Vindictives. There are many well known artists songs and some very obscure ones to boot. There's also a contest that goes along with the CD. If you can name all the artists that originally wrote the songs they recorded here then Liberation Records will send you free shite. So what are waiting for, go out and buy this fucking record! Oh yeah, by the way, The Vindictives sorta, kinda sound like Sloppy Seconds. Happy guessing, my-so-called punkers!! Liberation Records, POB 17746, Anaheim, CA 92817 -SC



Wayouts, The: Better Days... CD
I'm assuming that this band is from the Chicago, Illinois area. I wasn't sent anything else but a cover letter. These guys play some really catchy power-pop punk tunes. They remind me a little bit of Florida's Clairmel but not as sloppy. These guys can actually write AND play. I hope they are like this or even better live on a semi-huge stage. I admit I actually like this. It may grow on you too. If you give it a chance. Go out and get it today! Tell 'em Sal sent 'cha. Recommended!! Harmless Records, 1437 W. Hood, Chicago, IL 60660 -SC

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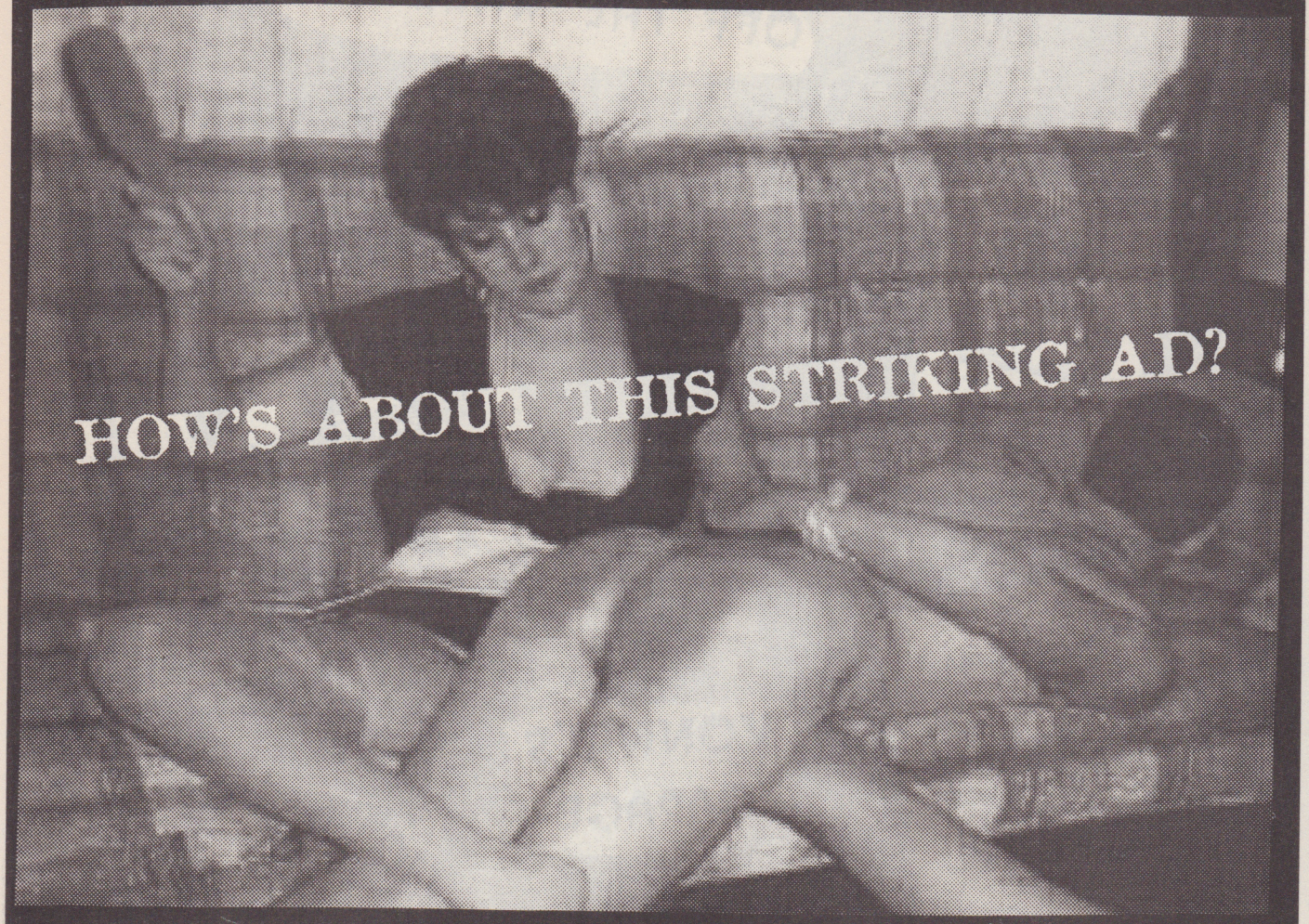

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GTA 037 - *FUNERAL* "Have You Seen My Leather Jacket?" CD 68 min of '80-'82 So Cal punk including lots of extra tracks from the same session that produced the much sought and recently bootlegged-from "Waiting For The Bomb Blast" 7".

GTA 036 - *SHATTERED FAITH* "1982" CD 64 min. The complete session with numerous extra tracks that couldn't fit onto the original live/studio LP, awesomely re-mixed by and featuring Kerry of the US Bombs.

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"Burnout! Blowout! On my way out! I don't care– I'm dead!"
–E. Danky, Wurm

Aries

After sodomizing a penguin at your friend's bachelor party, you will contract a rare venereal disease that causes your ass to fall off.

Taurus

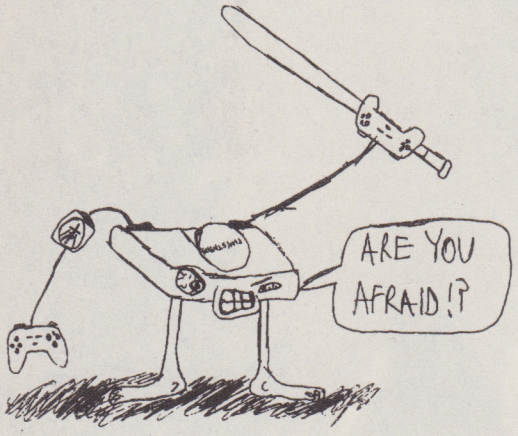
Alligators will climb out of the toilet, eat your iguana, shit all over your bed, eat everything in the fridge, and then jump off the roof of the house to their deaths.

Gemini

You will receive an unpleasant surprise one day as you open up your closet to get a few things only to find Marilyn Manson, Mrs. Doubtfire and Boy George masturbating each other and imbibing their semen (oh god!).

Cancer

As you're walking down the street one night, you will find Captain James Kirk , Captain Beefheart, Captain Sensible, and Captain Crunch fighting each other and trying to bite each other in the ass.

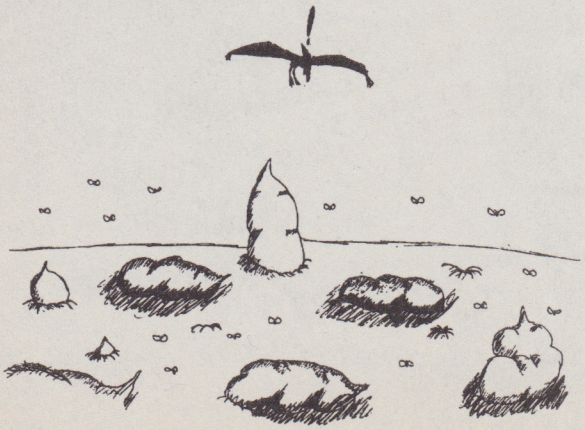


Leo

While playing a Tomb Raider game one saturday afternoon, your Playstation will sprout limbs, beat you up with a baseball bat, smash all of your records, spraypaint crucifixes on the walls, and then run out of the house screaming 'Christ saves!'. It will attack and club several people, including baby seals, before it reaches the Santa Monica pier, where it will be shot to pieces by angry police officers.

Virgo

During your camping trip in Yellowstone, evangelist Jerry Falwell will dig up his dead mother and will be having sex with her in your outhouse while Larry Flynt videotapes the whole sordid affair. Linda Tripp and Paula Jones will be taking turns humping each other while Pat Robertson cornholes a dead raccoon.

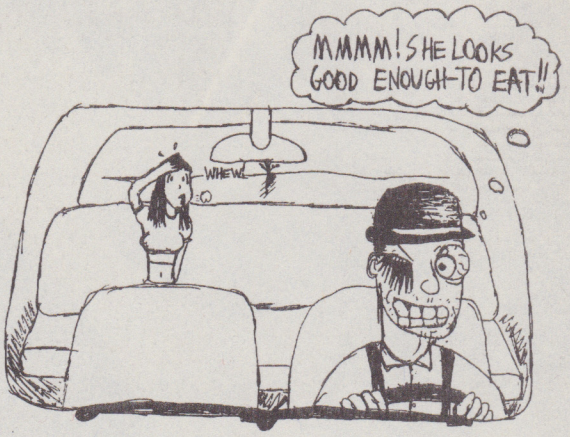


Libra

While your mowing your lawn one saturday afternoon, giant turds will come from the ground. For weeks, the area around your house will be covered with feces and will cause an overwhelming stench covering a 300 yard radius. Everyone within two or blocks from your house will either be asphyxiated from the fumes or move.

Scorpio

Colonel Klink will be caught masturbating your dog and slurping up its semen.



Sagittarius

Your girlfriend will be stalked by Barbara Streisand. She will try to get away from her without avail. She finally gets away when she finds a taxi driven by a nicely dressed but odd young man from England named Alex. Ironically, she is never seen again.

Capricorn

You'll find a decapitated finger in your Cheerios, Roger Moore will hide in your liquor cabinet and then jump out unexpectedly, giving your chihuahua a fatal heart attack. You won't be able to bury it outside though because George Lazenby has sworn an oath of vengeance upon you and will zap you with his fart gun if you even much as peep out of the windows.

Aquarius

You will have a really nasty rectal prolapse that will cause your intestines to squeeze out of your ass and your roommate will smoke some bad Chronic and wind up trying to stick his head up a camel's ass

Pisces

Mankind will invade your sock drawer while Goldberg makes himself at home with your mother's lingerie. Val Venis will also be outside, blowing Sting.

–James "For the last fucking time, I am NOT Jim Morrison!" Burton